Week ending January 2 1954
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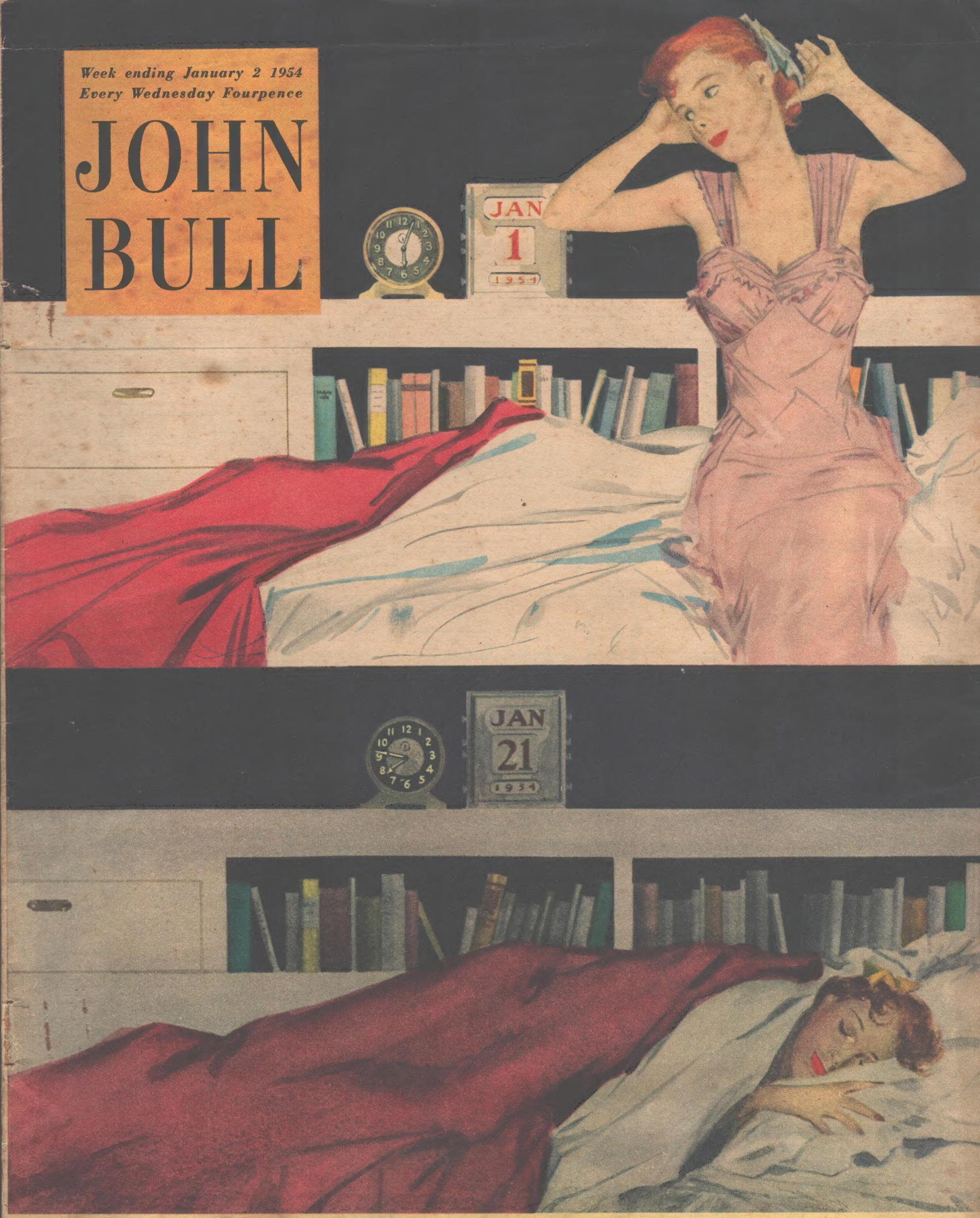
JOHN BULL



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EDITORIAL

What's the date?

As we take down our 1953 calendars and study 1954's, a voice asks: "Do you throw away your watch every morning? Then why change your calendar each year?"

It comes from the World Calendar Association, which has been campaigning for twenty years for a reformed calendar which would stay the same for ever.

Tinkering with the calendar seems almost impossible. Yet it has been in use in its present form only since 1752, which was when we adopted Pope Gregory's correction of the false notion that a year had exactly 365¼ days.

In fact, it has 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 46 seconds. Gregory dropped ten days immediately and three leap days every four hundred years. But this, say the calendar reformists, was not nearly enough. Lord Merthyr, chairman of the British committee, says that the present calendar is "a mass of inefficiency, waste, impoverishment and annoyance."

LORD MERTHYR
"Waste and annoyance"

The main counts against it are the unequal lengths of the months; the fact that the quarters vary from ninety to ninety-two days and the number of working days each month from twenty-four to twenty-seven; and the uneven 365th day which always adds an extra day to the fifty-two weeks, thus making New Year's Day a Thursday last year, a Friday this year, and a Saturday next year.

That odd day is the chief villain of the piece. The reformers want to make it an "extra," a new bank holiday called World's Day. Leap days would be moved to the end of June as another World's Day.

Then the months could be tidied up, making four neat quarters of ninety-one days, with the first month in each quarter having thirty-one days and the rest thirty. Each quarter would always start on a Sunday.

Anniversaries would be easy to remember; school terms, holidays and law sessions would be simplified.

The idea is by no means impossible. The United Nations is being pressed to adopt it, and fourteen countries have gone on record in its favour.

But there are powerful religious objections. Sometimes there would be more than six days between Sabbaths. And a special council of the Christian Churches would have to meet to fix Easter.

Perhaps, after all, the idea is *too* logical. In a world which is being run more and more by scientists and machines, there is a certain amount of comfort in our familiar muddle over the calendar every year.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

William Showell has often used one of his daughters—actress Jill or artist Avril—as a model for his paintings, but not for this week's cover. "To do so would have been too ironic," he says. "They never get up unless dragged ruthlessly out of bed." According to a survey, three in every hundred people will resolve to rise earlier in 1954. But the Showells always keep one resolution every year—that is, not to make any New Year resolutions.

THE SAINT IN AMSTERDAM by LESLIE CHARTERIS

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Do you think you fit this description? If so, the best thing to do is to write a letter to the Air Ministry giving your age and full particulars of your education, examinations passed and your career to date, and asking for more information about the type of commission which interests you (see table). Address your letter to Under Secretary of State, Air Ministry (J.B. 121), Adastral House M.R.2, London, W.C.2.

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JANUARY 2, 1954 VOL. 95 NO. 2479 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

The novelty of a polite family

LAST year I decided to make use of New Year resolutions to strengthen discipline in the family. "Let's make up our minds to be polite and cheerful, to help others, and to work hard," I told the children.

When I reached home that evening, my two sons were thoroughly enjoying the novelty of being well behaved. I sat through an eerie meal with no one talking with his mouth full. I was startled when small figures crept up behind me without the usual slam of a door to announce their arrival. "Good night, Father," said my younger boy, as he went to bed without a word of argument. His brother would not come with me to walk the dog. "Extra holiday homework," he said. So off I went by myself to fetch my overcoat. I pulled it on, and found with relief that a joker had pinned the sleeves together. My moral superiority was restored. "What is the meaning of this?" I shouted. "Just testing," said the elder boy. "You promised not to lose your temper . . . remember?"—A. T. DONALD, Westmorland.

. . . As an Englishman working in Scotland, I "saw in" the last new year in Edinburgh. As soon as the clock had struck twelve, we set off first-footing—calling on friends, armed with a bottle of whisky and a black bun (the fruitiest cake I ever tasted). Our first call was at the house of a very good friend of mine, and I happened to be first in the queue to cross the threshold. When my friend opened the door and saw me, he looked quite alarmed. "Don't come in," he cried. Then he signed to the man standing behind me. "Here, you be the first." I was told later that it would have meant bad luck if a fair-haired man like me had been the first to enter the house in the new year. To have been an ideal first-foot, I should have been a dark man, single—and carrying a piece of coal.—C. J. RAY, Edinburgh.

The custom of first-footing is also kept up in the North of England. It is thought that the taboo on fair men dates from the Norse invasions of Scotland, when fair men were unpopular visitors.

Double Murder

READING "Detectives in Khaki" in JOHN BULL has reminded me of an interesting case on which I worked in 1944 while serving in Damascus with the Special Investigation Branch. A man and his wife had been killed by an Indian soldier, and C.S.M. Bill Butcher and I were called to the scene. We learned the name of the murderer from the dead couple's children, and the search began. I told some of the youngsters in the city square that we were looking for an Indian soldier with blood on his clothing. Two hours later two small boys spotted the man washing his clothes in the river. We caught him and, with the help of the forensic laboratory in Cairo, proved that the blood came from his victims. He was sentenced to be shot, but escaped to the Jebel Druse hills, where he was recaptured after the Mukhtar of a Druse village had sent out trackers. The next morning the Indian went before a firing party.—SERGEANT FRED MERCER, Middleton Road, Heysham, Lancashire.

Sergeant Mercer appeared in a photograph in JOHN BULL *dated December 12. The final instalment of "Detectives in Khaki" begins on page 20.*

Canal Manpower

TO an old Black Country man, Harry Hopkins's article on the district (JOHN BULL, December 12) was a delight. I remember the time when the canal men would lie on their backs and leg their boats through the tunnel under Dudley. Their mates took the horses through the town. The canal men would often call at my father's ironmongery shop for an "Uxbridge" knife which he stocked specially for them. These short, heavy-bladed knives were used for cutting a tow-rope in an emergency.—T. L. BURTON, Parkland Crescent, Leeds.

Not many boats use the 3,172-yard tunnel under Dudley now, but those that do are still legged through. The men push against the walls on each side, and "walk" their boat along. The method was described in JOHN BULL'S *recent fiction Supplement, "Hornblower And The Nelson Touch." Another article in Harry Hopkins's "Journey Into Britain" series will appear in* JOHN BULL *soon.*

Begins in John Bull next week

AFRICAN FURY

the story of a safari hunter

Full details on page 14

Lucky Discount

THE custom described in "Free Speech" of farmers striking palms to clinch a cattle sale is carried one step farther in Cumberland. The farmer selling the animal returns a small part of the purchase price to the buyer as a token of good faith. When farm workers are hired at Martinmas and Whitsuntide, the employer gives his man Earle's Money to seal the engagement for the next six months. In the old days the Earle's Money was a shilling, but now it is more often two shillings or half a crown.—B. G. BREW, East Tye, Tyes Cross, East Grinstead, Sussex.

The money returned at a cattle deal can be as much as £1 for a dairy cow. It is known as the luck penny. This custom is observed in many parts of the country. Giving and receiving of Earle's Money in Cumberland constitutes a legal contract binding on master and man.

Noise Treatment

ABOUT forty years ago we had a custom in our village which resembled the Canadian shiveree (described in

"Free Speech"), but it was not a greeting for newly-weds. If a couple were living in sin, a crowd would collect drums, saucepan lids and pans and make a great noise outside their house. This happened every night after dark. Life would become unbearable for the couple and, after about a week of this "rough-housing," they would make a moonlight flit.—W. FALKNER, Asted Farm, Godalming, Surrey.

Call Of Duty

I HAVE been amused by the "Free Speech" letters describing the antics of milkmen's horses, but those which I once witnessed nearly ended in tragedy. We were lying alongside the jetty at Portsmouth in H.M.S. Winchester. Nearby lay a cruiser, the Champion. A milkman with his float had just moved away from our ship after making his delivery when the Champion's bugler sounded "Colours." After half a dozen notes, the milkman's horse was tearing along the jetty at a stretch gallop. It was a miracle that he did not go straight over the side into the water. When we questioned the milkman all he said was: "Darn him, he's ex-cavalry."—W. G. PARKER, Vale Grove, Gosport, Hampshire.

Silver Lining

ON wet days the grocer's store by my bus stop in a busy street always has its sun blinds down. I once thanked the manager for his thoughtfulness in providing this shelter. "Just good business," he said. "People look in the window while they are standing there out of the rain, see something they want, and come in to buy it."—C. M., Sheffield.

Dog In Decline

A FRIEND was baffled by the illness of her poodle. He was not an old dog, he had no disease, but he seemed to be slowly dying. The vet could suggest no explanation until my friend mentioned that the poodle had been very friendly with her cat, which had recently died. Then the vet told her that the dog was probably suffering from what might be called a broken heart. A few days later my friend acquired a kitten. The poodle made a great fuss of it, and at once began to recover. The two animals are now constant companions, and sleep curled up together.—MAURICE CAERBURN, Girdlers Road, West Kensington, London, W.14.

Such cases, although rare, do occur, says a vet. The dog probably pined for companionship when the cat died, ate less and thus grew weaker.

Sun Spots

THE sun, shining through a goldfish bowl standing on our window ledge, set our new curtains on fire. Two big holes were burned in them.—E. PAGE, Broad Close, Eastfield, Peterborough, Northamptonshire.

In Self-defence

I WAS visiting a friend when a man, his wife and two small boys came to inspect the house next door, which was unoccupied and for sale. While their parents were inside, the two boys entertained themselves in the garden. After they had dashed about for a time, yelling wildly, they saw my friend's cat near the party fence and began to pelt it with stones. "That settles it," said my friend indignantly, as she crossed to the radio and turned it on full blast. "They'll never take a house with a noisy neighbour like me."—R. W. B., Birkenhead, Cheshire.

Delayed Action

ON my way home to England from Vancouver I crossed Canada on a transcontinental train. I was at the station in good time and, after the pullman-car attendant had stowed my luggage for the ninety-four hour journey, I stepped down on to the platform to watch the scene. Near me stood a Canadian who was saying goodbye to his mother. I heard him call the attendant over and ask him to look after her during the trip. As he spoke he took a ten dollar bill from his wallet and tore it in half. He gave one piece to the attendant and his mother kept the other. When she left the train at Montreal, the woman gave the attendant her half with thanks for his services.—ARTHUR POVEY, Dashwood Road, Gravesend.

Teacher Says

I HEARD recently of a school which is coaching parents so that they can help their children with homework. This is a very good idea. If I attempt one of my son's arithmetic problems, I use the methods I learned at school thirty years ago. I get the right answer, but my working is very different from his. It can be most confusing for a child when his teacher tells him one thing and his father another.—C. A., Eastbourne, Sussex.

Body And Soul

AFTER a contribution from me had appeared in "Free Speech," I received a letter from a fourteen-year-old Gold Coast boy asking for a Bible and some "ups and downs." He offered monkey skins and parrot feathers in return. I had no idea what ups and downs were, so I wrote for more details. The boy sent this definition: "Ups they yellow, and downs they brown or maybe yellow." I was none the wiser.—A. A. SOUTH, Albany Road, Wisbech, Cambridgeshire.

The terms refer to shirts and shorts, says the office of the Commissioner for the Gold Coast.

Men Of Title

I ENJOYED Mr. Rees's letter about John "Substantial" Jones. In the Welsh mining valleys, where so many people have the same surname, such nicknames are widely used. I have heard of Dick The Pigs, a pig-keeper, John The Baptist, son of a Baptist minister, Tom One-leg's Son, whose father lost a leg in an accident,

THE GOLDEN FOOL

John Bull's new serial by David Divine

See announcement on page 12

Charlie The Shark, a billiards player, Tommy Squeaky, who has a high-pitched voice, and Dai Hairy-legs. Most people accept these names as a matter of course. If they complain, the name is more likely to stick.—C. J. W., Monmouthshire.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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GIRL ON BLACK DEVIL MOUNTAIN

by ***ARTHUR MAYSE***

ILLUSTRATED BY NASH

It was a man's country. Yet no man had ever climbed the mountain—let alone a girl

WHEN BAD-EYE JOE HECATE got his first look at the big fellow, he was inclined to dismiss the vision as spook stuff, no more real than the canaries which had pestered him for the last three days. You don't find canaries in the British Columbia rain forest, nor do you expect to see a mountain poking a hole through the clouds where no mountain grew before.

The birds of illusion vanished when the bandy-legged little Indian scrubbed a hand across his face, but the mountain still regarded him malevolently from the other side of the glacier bowl.

"You ol' black devil," Bad-Eye Joe muttered, teetering from exhaustion in his frayed and filthy rainproofs. "Figure you're going to watch me kick the bucket, hey?" He was in desperate shape—grub, gear and cabin lost in a lightning fire, the pain of an ear infection battering his head—but he shook his damaged carbine at the big fellow and croaked a half-delirious challenge:

"Well, I ain't goin' die, see. I got Saint Christopher buckin' for me. He gets me out o' this, and by the holy, I'll come back one day an' spike a Christopher medal on your top-knot!"

Joe's luck, which had forced him into this starvation crossing from the Grenville River headwaters to the Anzac country, picked up at once. The saint helping, he managed to contrive a new firing pin from a bootnail, and next morning tumbled a fat whistler off its hearth-stone high on an avalanche cone. The marmot meat kept him going till he hit tidewater, where the doctor-skipper of a Columbia Coast Missions vessel put him to rights.

His troubles hadn't kept him from sizing up the Anzac as good virgin marten territory. Bad-Eye Joe moved in with the Provincial Government's blessing in the shape of a registered trapline and a prospector's licence, and would have done well enough if the mountain had let him alone.

Not that he saw the big fellow often, Coast

Continued on page 27

Logan swung the rope round a rock and Joe hitched himself higher. At that moment, the mountain growled again; stones came hurtling down. Susan pressed herself flat against the cliff face

Champagne flows—for Britain's best woman driver

by REX GRIZELL

Every rally is a gruelling test. Sheila Van Damm wins through with a dash of her own—and packs a party dress for the welcome

IN THE RECENT American International Great Mountain Rally one English woman driver, Sheila Van Damm, competed against more than sixty men. The route included one mountain road covered with snow and thin sheet ice. As Sheila Van Damm approached the foot of the mountain in her Sunbeam-Talbot she saw the road dotted with American cars and their crews, who, with little rally experience and a good deal of gadget-mindedness, had their tools neatly laid out and were fitting wheel-chains for the ascent.

Miss Van Damm, an experienced Alpine driver, thought she could make the comparatively short climb without chains. She put her foot down and roared towards the lower slopes.

"Once you start climbing on that kind of surface you've got to keep motoring," she says, "and without too much respect for your rivals. I shot in and out of the parked cars, almost brushing against the clothes of other competitors who paused in the chain-fixing to watch my effort. You could almost hear them praying I'd have to stop. But, apart from running over somebody's equipment, I reached the top without incident."

That is the kind of dash and determination, coupled with sound judgment, which enabled Sheila Van Damm to finish second, and which has earned her the reputation of being Britain's finest woman competition driver. She has now competed in fifteen events and has won five firsts, three seconds and two thirds.

Puncture On A Mountain Road

A woman of average height, with dark hair, a fresh complexion and a ready smile, she is strongly built, and yet has small hands and feet and trim ankles. She combines feminine charm with almost masculine strength and endurance. In the 1951 Monte Carlo Rally the car in which she was co-driver had a puncture on a narrow mountain road. The ground was so uneven that she could not get the jack under the axle. Determined not to lose time, Sheila herself lifted the car high enough for the jack to be slipped into position.

Sheila leaves nothing to chance in preparing for an event. She goes over every inch of the route on the map, looking for dangerous corners and bridges, estimating the length of the straights and the likely effect of the gradients on speed.

In 1952, only bad luck prevented her from being the first Englishwoman for twenty years to win the Coupe des Dames in the Monte Carlo Rally. She had a narrow lead in the Ladies' section when she started on the last test. Approaching the third control point the car had a front wheel puncture. Sheila leaped out and, working fast, changed the wheel in 2 mins. 21 secs., which she claims is the shortest time ever taken by a woman. But the delay was too long, and she came second.

Women who have driven with Sheila say that she is a good team-mate who is consistent, never gets over-excited, and is always ready to accept advice. She herself admits that once she refused advice. She drove all through the final day of the 1953 International Alpine Rally, and for the last two hundred miles was almost asleep with fatigue.

Threw Jug Of Water At Her

"I should have handed over to my co-driver, Anne Hall," she says. "She's a fine driver and could have finished for me perfectly well. But I was just pig-headed. I knew I was leading the Ladies' section, and I wanted the satisfaction of driving in myself."

The heat was almost tropical and she was hot and exhausted. As they halted at the last control point, ninety miles from Cannes, she saw the man in the car behind top up his radiator from a large jug of water. She turned to her co-driver. "Anne, you see that beautiful jug of water? Borrow it and throw it over me. Every drop!"

The French bystanders were treated to the sight of one Englishwoman deliberately soaking another, who, though fully dressed, seemed to like it. Sheila then felt fresh enough to complete the last ninety miles, but on arrival at Cannes she was so thirsty that she drank eight bottles of Coco-Cola straight off. As a result, her thanks to her congratulators were interrupted with frequent hiccoughs.

This rally was her greatest triumph. She became the first Englishwoman to win one of the famous Coupes des Alpes awarded to drivers who complete the road section in the Alpine Rally without loss of marks. This is the main object in every rally; the route is divided into sections, and drivers who fail to complete any section in the allotted time are penalized.

Of all the rallies, the Alpine is the most arduous and dangerous. In 1953 the route was 1,947 miles long and included thirty-one mountain passes up to nine thousand feet high in France, Italy, Germany and Switzerland. All this has to be covered in the broiling heat of Continental summer on roads that are rough, narrow, tortuous, and often have a precipitous drop on one side and a rock wall on the other.

Smile of an Alpine Rally winner. With Anne over Europe's most dangerous roads to win a

"I admit I get frightened sometimes," says Sheila. In spite of this she keeps on with her hobby. Apart from her expenses, which are paid by Rootes, the car-manufacturing firm, she makes no money from driving. "To compete regularly in rallies you must be either a millionairess or factory-sponsored."

She likes the excitement and enjoys travelling. After the Alpine Rally, prizes were presented in the ballroom of the luxurious Hotel Martinez at Cannes. The winning cars, dented and covered with the dust of the long journey, were driven in and parked around the room. Sheila and the other women drivers, who travel in slacks and windcheaters, had changed into the glamorous dresses they always pack. Champagne flowed, glasses clinked, long speeches were made in French, silver cups were presented. Sheila was offered the freedom of Cannes.

"On occasions like these everybody who didn't drive in the Rally has a wonderful time," says Sheila. "But the competitors can only think how wonderful it will be to get between fresh clean sheets to sleep for as long as they like."

Sheila Van Damm owes her career as a driver to her father, Vivian, owner of London's Windmill Theatre. One day in September, 1950, he told her, "I've entered you in the *Daily Express* Thousand Mile Rally. It will be fun for you and good publicity for the theatre.

Hot Chase For "Windmill Girl"

Rootes loaned her one of the first Sunbeam-Talbot 90s. Sheila named it Windmill Girl, and with her sister, Nona, obediently drove in the rally. For about seventy miles through the mountains of Wales the Sunbeam-Talbot competitions manager, Norman Garrad, chased her with his front bumper a few feet from her rear wheels. Sheila was placed third in the Ladies' section, and Garrad was so impressed with her ability to keep ahead of him that he invited her to drive regularly for the firm.

She accepted, and was given tuition and

Hall (right), Sheila Van Damm had just driven two thousand faultless miles prized *Coupes des Alpes*. On the last lap she was almost asleep with fatigue

Sheila helps her father, Vivian, to produce his famous Windmill Theatre shows. She owes her driving career to him; now he says she goes too fast

expert advice. She visited the police driving school at Chelmsford, where she was put through her paces on the skid-pan — a tarmacadam surface which is dosed with oil to make it as smooth as glass.

"Rally drivers need quick reflexes," says Sheila. "Imagine you are driving along a mountain road which suddenly becomes a sheet of ice. The car may do anything. Whatever happens the driver must realize at once what has to be done, and do it within split seconds. A mistake may finish your driving in that rally, and perhaps for good."

Stopped At Edge Of Precipice

During the 1951 Monte Carlo Rally the car in which she was co-driver failed to take a bend on an icy road, and carried straight on into a snowdrift. As the wheels would not grip in the soft snow she and the driver had to manhandle the car back on to the road. In doing so they found that the front wheels had stopped only a foot from the edge of a precipice.

She remembers another misadventure on the road down through the French Alpine village of Tain. A snowstorm whirled round the speeding car. At the bottom of the hill there was a bend and a house. Suddenly, the car skidded on the ice and careered, out of control, straight towards the wall of the house. A serious accident looked inevitable but, striking a bump in the road, the car swerved violently so that it just missed the house and shot into a narrow parking space at the side, where it stopped.

When she is not driving, Sheila works in the theatre which she will one day take over from her father. Vivian Van Damm says she is well able to produce the show.

Late one night the Windmill fireman was coshed. Van Damm was called from his home at Angmering-on-Sea on the south coast. Sheila drove the sixty-three miles to Piccadilly over hilly winding roads in one hour and thirty minutes.

"I'm the fastest woman in Europe," she says. On March 17, she became the first woman ever to drive a production sports car at more than 120 miles an hour. The record was set up in a Sunbeam Alpine, on Belgium's Jabekke motor road between Ostend and Brussels. As she approached the timed section of the road, the wind got under the visor of her helmet, which tugged on the chin-strap so fiercely that it began to choke her. Breathless, she went on, stopping only when she reached the end of the section.

She then made the return journey and the average speed for two runs was 120.135 m.p.h. "When I heard that, I nearly equalled the speed into the nearest bar for a brandy," she says.

For the 1,600-mile Lisbon rally last autumn the route lay through Lyons, Bordeaux, San Sebastian and Lisbon. At San Sebastian, competitors were told that there had been severe floods in northern Spain, which had swept away roads and bridges and caused thirty-nine fatalities. The surface of the road was deep in mud and strewn with rocks and fallen branches. In the main street of Tolosa there were piles of furniture retrieved from swamped houses. The rally cars sent up fountains of water and mud, drenching the already desperate villagers, who retaliated by hurling large stones.

One angry old man advanced on Sheila's car brandishing a large stick to smash the windscreen. She managed to get clear of him. "It made my heart ache to see those poor people forced out of their homes," she says now. "It was easy to understand their point of view."

Lost By Fraction Of A Second

The road became impassable, and they were forced to make a detour of sixty miles through the mountains. Of the fifty starters, only fourteen reached Lisbon without penalty. Sheila was one of them, and in the final tests she was beaten into second place by only one-fifth of a second.

After this she was sent by Rootes to compete in the American International Great Mountain Rally, the first of its kind. On arrival in New York she was obliged to take a driving test, as she had not driven a left-hand-drive car before. The test consisted of answering questions and driving a few times round the block. "The technique of driving in New York is something special," says Sheila. "Everybody is terribly impatient, and drives at a cracking pace. I joined in the spirit of the thing and, as soon as the test was over, the examiner dived into the nearest bar for a double whisky."

"Sheila is always willing to have a go," says Vivian Van Damm. One day in 1939 he was taking the family down to the coast for the weekend. At Preston Park, just outside Brighton, he stopped the car, a big 38-h.p. Buick, and turned to Sheila. "You take the wheel," he said. "Drive us home." Without a word she moved into the driver's seat and took the car through Brighton to Saltdean. As she brought the car safely to a halt outside the house, she said, "That's the first time I've ever driven a car."

"I roared with laughter," says Van Damm. "I thought she'd been having lessons from her mother."

Family Are Back-seat Drivers

She had no licence and did not drive again until 1942, when she was conscripted into the Waaf. Before being sent on a driving course she scrubbed floors for six weeks. "It wasn't my idea," she says. "There was a steely-eyed Waaf officer. When I told her that I'd been in charge of publicity at the Windmill her face froze, and she told me that from now on I would be a cleaner in the officers' quarters."

More than for the excitement and the travel, she likes her hobby for the sense of achievement it brings her when she does well. It has also brought her a Sunbeam Alpine, given to her by Rootes in recognition of what she has done for them.

But in spite of being Britain's most successful woman driver, she is still criticized by her family when she drives them. "It's 'Sheila, mind that bus,' or 'Sheila, you're going too fast,'" she says. "They're all back-seat drivers."

THE END

The Saint in Amsterdam

by LESLIE CHARTERIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM SHOWELL

His spine tingled with excitement. Here—right in his lap—was the prettiest swindle he had ever encountered

ONE OF THE BEST HOTELS in Amsterdam is the Jansen, and the best hotels everywhere exercise a proper discretion over the guests whom they admit to their distinguished accommodations. The clerk at the Jansen read the name that Simon Templar had filled in on the form in front of him, and his brow wrinkled as he looked up.

"Mr. Templar," he said. "Are you by any chance the Saint?"

Simon sighed imperceptibly. He knew that look. As a man who had rather a weakness for the best hotels, it was sometimes a little tiresome to him.

"You guessed it," he said.

The clerk smiled with the utmost courtesy. "I do not know if we have a room that would suit you."

"I'm not too hard to please."

"Excuse me," said the clerk. He retired to an inner office. In a few minutes he came back, accompanied by an older and more authoritative personage.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Templar," said the personage cordially. "I am the manager. It is

Simon Templar looked up at the woman. "I've heard that you help people in trouble," she said, "and my husband and I are in terrible trouble"

nice of you to come to us. But you do not have a reservation."

"No," said the Saint patiently. "But I wasn't expecting any trouble. I'm still not expecting any. Not any at all. I'm on holiday."

"Of course."

"As a matter of fact, I only came this way to say hallo to an old friend of mine, one of your eminent citizens. You probably know him—Pieter Liefman. He makes some of the best beer in these parts. But he's out of town, and won't be back till tomorrow or the next day. I just want to wait over and see him."

"You are a friend of Mr. Liefman?"

"We are what you might call brothers under the suds."

The manager studied him frankly for a while, and found it hard to see anything that threatened the peace and good name of the hotel. At that moment the keen corsair's face was in repose, and the imps of devilment stilled in the clear blue eyes—it was a trick of camouflage that sometimes served the Saint better than a disguise.

"I think we can find you a room," said the manager.

So that minor problem was overcome, but not without starting a slight stir of curiosity that spread like an active virus through the hotel. Simon knew it when he came downstairs again after a shower and a change, by the studiously veiled interest of the staff, the elaborately impersonal glances and politely inaudible whisperings of the other guests in the lobby.

Let the speculation buzz: it could not embarrass him when he had nothing to hide. For what he had told the manager was the simple truth. He had made the detour to Amsterdam in the course of an already aimless European holiday for no reason but the impulse to renew an old acquaintance and sample the products of the famous Liefman *brouwerij* at the source.

He dined at the Lido, on a *rijstafel* of heroic conception. It was not until his appetite was on the verge of admitting defeat that he had time to become aware that he was the object of more than ordinary attention from a table across the room.

There were two people at it, a middle-aged couple whose accents, as he had unconsciously overheard them speaking to the waiter, identified them as English, and whose clothes had a dull neatness that was worn like a proud *insigne* of respectability. The man had a square shape, with thinning hair, rimless spectacles, and a face moulded in the lines of stolid responsibility. The woman was maturely attractive, and looked as if she would be equally at home in a kitchen or a church bazaar

SIMON pondered: a senior employee of a prosperous business house, who had worked his way up from the bottom during a lifetime of loyal service, and his competent and comfortable wife?

The only untypical thing about them was that, instead of eating in the bored or companionable silence normally practised by such couples, they had been talking busily throughout the meal in low voices. The conversation did not seem to be made up of pleasant trivialities, for the man's air of permanent anxiety deepened, and once or twice he ran a hand over his sparse hair in a gesture almost of desperation.

It was at about the same time that Simon realized, from the frequent glances in his direction, that he was somehow being made a major factor in the discussion.

He gazed out of the window at the twinkling lights reflected in the ornamental lakes of the Vondel Park and hoped that his impression was mistaken, or that they would soon find something else to argue about.

A voice at his elbow said: "I hope you'll excuse me, Mr. Templar—you *are* the Saint, aren't you?"

He looked up resignedly. It was the woman, of course.

"Don't let it worry you," he said. "I've promised not to murder anyone or steal their jewels while I'm here."

"My name's Upwater," she said. "And I did want to talk to you about jewels. But not about you stealing them. I've heard that you're really a good man, and you help people in trouble, and we're in terrible trouble. I told my husband it seemed like providence your being here, just when this awful thing has happened. May I call him over?"

She had already seated herself in a vacant chair, and the Saint did not see any way short of outright churlishness to dislodge her. In the mellow aftermath of a good meal, he grinned philosophically and nodded.

She turned and beckoned to her husband, who started to get up from the table, looking more worried than ever.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "it's about a diamond."

"Oh."

"We've lost it. And it doesn't belong to us."

"That could be embarrassing," Simon admitted. "But why should I know where to look for it?"

"It's been stolen."

"Not by me."

"This is a perfect blue stone," said Mr. Upwater, sitting down heavily, "as big as the Hope diamond. It's worth half a million dollars in American money."

HE paused for a moment. "I work for a very exclusive firm of jewellers in Bond Street in London," he explained in a ponderous and painstaking way. "I've been with them for thirty years. The stone belongs to one of our clients. It is a magnificent gem, with a rather romantic name—the Angel's Eye. But being an old stone, it isn't too well cut. Our client decided to have it re-cut, which would improve its appearance and even enhance its value. As the oldest employee of the firm, it was entrusted to me to bring here, to one of the best cutters in Amsterdam, to have the work done."

"And somebody swiped it from you on the way?" Simon hazarded.

"Oh, no. I delivered it to the cutter, Hendrik Jonkheer, yesterday. Today I went back to watch the start of the cutting. Mrs. Upwater went with me. And . . . tell Mr. Templar what happened, Mabel."

"Mr. Jonkheer looked Mr. Upwater straight in the eye," said Mrs. Upwater, "and told him he'd never seen him before and he certainly hadn't brought him any diamond."

Something like a phantom feather trailed up the Saint's spine, ruffling his skin with ghostly goose-pimples. And on the heels of that psychic chill came a warm, pervasive glow of utter beatitude that crowned his recent feast more perfectly than the coffee and Napoleon brandy, which he had not yet touched, would ever do. His interest was no longer polite or even perfunctory. Here was a swindle of such originality and impudence that he contemplated it with an emotion bordering upon awe.

"That," said the Saint at length, "is a lulu."

"I can't get used to it yet," Mr. Upwater said dazedly. "He stood there, Mr. Jonkheer did, looking straight at me just like I'm looking at you, only as if he thought I was a lunatic, and said he'd never set eyes on me before in his life. . . ."

Simon nodded, almost in a trance. "You're sure it was Jonkheer you saw?"

"Of course I'm sure. It was the same man both times. The police knew him, too."

"You've been to the police already?"

"Of course I have. First thing I did when I saw I wasn't getting anywhere with Jonkheer. They went with me to the shop. But it was his word against mine, and they preferred his. Said he was a well-known, respectable citizen, but they didn't know the same about me. I almost got myself locked up. They as good as said I was off my nut or trying to blackmail him."

"Good evening," the Saint said, quietly. The man at the safe started violently and turned. He stared speechlessly at the gun

"Didn't anyone else see you give him the stone?"

"No. It was just him and me. I didn't take Mrs. Upwater with me yesterday—she wanted to stay at the hotel and do our unpacking."

PICKING up his glass, Simon rolled the golden liquid around in it. "Didn't you get a receipt or anything?"

"Indeed I did. But this Dutchman swears it isn't even in his writing."

"Could anyone else have disguised himself as Jonkheer?"

"If you saw him, Mr. Templar, you'd know that couldn't be done, except in a story."

The Saint sipped his cognac reverently. Everything was getting better and better.

"Have you any idea what would turn a man

like that into a thief?" he asked quietly.

Mr. Upwater moved his hands hopelessly. "Who knows what makes anyone go wrong? They say that every man has his price, so I suppose every man can be tempted. And that stone was big enough to tempt anyone."

"Then," said the Saint, "the same could be said about you."

"That's what he's afraid of," Mrs. Upwater said gently.

Simon sniffed his brandy again, watching the man. "What does your firm think about it?"

"I haven't told them yet," Upwater said dully. "I haven't had the courage. You see——"

"You see," Mrs. Upwater put in, and her voice began to break, "they know Mr. Jonkheer, too. They've done business with him for a long time. My husband's been with them for a long time, too, but he's only an employee. If he can't prove absolutely that he's telling the truth——"

"There'd always be a doubt," her husband finished for her. "And with a firm in that kind of business, that's the end. I'd never get another job. I might as well put my head in a gas-oven, or jump in one of these canals."

He pulled off his spectacles abruptly and put a trembling hand over his eyes.

Mrs. Upwater patted his shoulder as if he had been a little boy. She looked at the Saint with tears in her eyes. "Mr. Templar, you're the only man in the world who might be able to do something about a thing like this. You *must* help us!"

She didn't have to plead. For Simon Templar to have walked away from a story like that would have been as much a phenomenon as a terrier ignoring the presence of a rat waltzing under his nose. It was true that only a few hours ago he had promised to be good; but there were limits. His evening, and in fact his whole visit to Amsterdam, were made.

He signalled to a waiter. "I think we should all have a drink on this," he said. "Tomorrow I will pay a call on your Mr. Jonkheer."

The half-conscious joy in Mrs. Upwater's tear-dimmed eyes, to anyone else, would have been enough reward.

THE name was on the door, as Mr. Upwater had said, of a narrow-fronted, three-storeyed brick building in a narrow street of similar buildings behind the Rijksmuseum: HENDRIK JONKHEER, and in smaller letters under it, *Diamantsnijder*.

From the weathered stone of the doorstep to the weathered tile of the peaked roof, the house had a solid air of permanence and tradition. The only feature that distinguished it from its equally solid neighbours was the prison-like arrangement of iron bars over the two muslin-curtained ground floor windows.

Simon tugged at the old-fashioned bell-pull, and heard it clang somewhere in the depths of the building. Presently the door opened, no more than a foot, to the limit of a chain fastened inside, and a thin young man in a knee-length grey overall coat looked out.

"May I see Mr. Jonkheer?" Simon said.

"Your business, sir?"

"I'm a magazine writer, doing an article on the diamond business. I thought a man of Mr. Jonkheer's standing could give me some valuable information."

The young man unfastened the chain and let him in to a bare narrow hall. There were doors on one side and another at the back, and a flight of uncarpeted wooden stairs led upwards. On a hard chair beside the stairs, with a newspaper on his lap and one hand under the paper, sat a burly man with very fair close-cropped hair who stared at the Saint woodenly.

"One moment, please," said the young man. He disappeared through the door at the end of the hall. Motionlessly, as if he were stuffed, the burly man continued to stare at the Saint. In a little while the young man came back. "This way, please," he beckoned.

The back room was a homely sort of office, the only possible sanctum of an individualistic old-world craftsman who needed no front for his skill. It contained an ancient roll-top desk with dusty papers overflowing from its pigeon-holes and littered over its surfaces, a battered swivel chair at the desk, and two overstuffed armchairs whose leather upholstery was dark and shiny with age. The safe stood under another barred window; and massive though it was, it would not have offered much more resistance than a matchbox to a modern cracksman.

Mr. Jonkheer was in his shirt sleeves, a short, bald man, with a wide paunch under a leather apron and a wide, multiple-chinned face. It was obvious at a glance that no make-up virtuoso could have duplicated him. His pale blue eyes looked small and bright behind thick gold-rimmed glasses.

"You are a writer, eh?" he said, with a kind of gruff affability. "For which magazine?"

"Any that'll buy what I write."

"So. And what can I tell you for your article?"

The Saint sat in one of the heavy armchairs and opened a packet of cigarettes. "Well, anything interesting about your work," he said.

"I cut jewels—principally diamonds."

"I know. I'm told you're one of the best cutters in the business."

"There are many good ones. I am good."

"I suppose you've been doing it all your life?"

"Since I am an apprentice, at sixteen. I have been cutting stones, now, for forty years."

"You must have cut some famous jewels in that time."

A twin pair of vertical lines began to pucker between the cutter's bushy brows.

"Famous?"

"I mean, well-known jewels, that people would like to read about."

"I have cut many good stones."

This was manifestly going to make no revelationary progress. Simon said, as offhandedly as he could: "You're too modest, Mr. Jonkheer. For instance, how about the Angel's Eye?"

There was no audible sound effect like a sickening thud, but the response was much the same. In a silence that fairly hummed with hollowness, the diamond cutter's small bright eyes hardened and froze like drops of his own gems.

The Saint exhaled cigarette smoke and tried to appear as if he noticed nothing out of the ordinary. At last Jonkheer said: "What about the Angel's Eye?"

"You know the stone I mean?"

"Of course. It is a famous diamond."

"How are you going to re-cut it?"

"I am not re-cutting it." Jonkheer's tone was still gruff, but no longer affable. The Saint looked puzzled.

"But you have it here."

"I have not. You are mistaken."

SIMON frowned, ingenuously. "I don't get it," he said. "The fellow who referred me to you said positively that the Angel's Eye was brought to you for re-cutting only the other day. I don't mean to pry into your business, but——"

The other's steady stare was cold with suspicion. "Who was this person?"

"It was somebody in the trade. I don't know that I ought to mention his name. But he was very definite."

Jonkheer gazed at him for a longer time, with no increase in friendliness. Then he turned his head slightly and called: *"Zuilen, kom toch binnen!"*

The burly blond man who had been sitting out in the hall walked in instantly, and without any preliminary sound, so that Simon realized that the door of the little office had never been fully closed and the big man must have been standing directly outside it. He brought his newspaper with him, carrying it rather awkwardly, as if he had something underneath it. With his left hand, he took a small leather folder from his pocket and showed Simon the card in it.

The card carried his photograph and an inscription which Simon did not have time to read, but he recognized the official-looking seal and the word *Politie*.

The big man, whose name was evidently Zuilen, was very polite.

"May I see your credentials, please?"

"My passport is at the hotel," said the Saint.

"Something, perhaps, from the magazine you write for?"

"I don't write for any particular magazine. I just peddle my stuff wherever I can."

"You must have something on you, some evidence of identity," said the blond man patiently. "Please."

Simon produced his wallet, and watched interestedly while Zuilen glanced at the contents. The detective's eyes snapped from the first card

Continued on page 30

Announcing a magnificent new novel . . .

THE GOLDEN FOOL

by DAVID DIVINE

ON January 16, an outstanding new novel of South Africa comes to JOHN BULL. It is *The Golden Fool*, by David Divine, a writer destined to become an international best-seller.

The hero is Anthony Stopford, an English gold prospector who is found half-dead by a Boer farmer. He stays on the farm—and falls in love with the farmer's lovely young daughter. But hatred of the young Englishman flares up among the Boers, and the lovers are hounded out of the community—into wild bush country. Their trek brings the story to a powerful climax of fear and violence. . . .

David Divine, born and bred in South Africa, is well known as a journalist and naval war correspondent. In *The Golden Fool*, he has written an unforgettable novel of hatred and passion, tenderness and brutality. It begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL, JANUARY 16

Tommy Cooper keeps chaos up his sleeve

by JOHN HARMAN

In his mad world of magic, the handkerchiefs won't vanish and the rabbit never appears. Which is just the way he rehearses it

AT THE CLIMAX of a recent television show a big wild-eyed magician with a fez and a crazy laugh stood amid the wreckage of his tricks. He had fumbled them deliberately—but he announced that his next illusion would succeed.

Filling a large can with water, he covered the mouth with a sheet of cardboard. Then he balanced the can upside down on the head of the programme's compère, Gilbert Harding, and told him: "When I remove the cardboard, the water will defy the law of gravity." The trick failed. The can, fitted with a special attachment inside, had been filled with more water than it could hold when inverted. The surplus gushed out and Harding was drenched.

"Some of the studio staff wondered whether the accident was genuine, or whether Tommy Cooper did it purposely for a laugh," says Bill Ward, producer of the show. "Anyway, Harding didn't seem to mind."

Thirty-two year old Cooper, a hearty, six foot four extrovert with a thrusting jaw and a wide grin which seldom relaxes ("a delightful maniac," said Harding after the shower bath incident), is known among theatrical acquaintances as the comedian who can bluff his way through almost any situation. While he was making his entrance at a music hall not long ago, some curtains parted and knocked over a pair of tables. His tricks were scattered about the stage. Picking them up, he inadvertently clapped his hands—a pre-arranged cue for switching off the spotlight—and was plunged into darkness. "The audience thought it was part of the act," says Cooper.

His Tricks Fall To Pieces

"Comedy magic has been seen on the music halls for years," comments a friend, "but Tommy is the first comedian to make it anything more than a second-spot turn." Struggling desperately with handkerchiefs, eggs and other props which refuse to vanish, and laughing at tricks which fall to pieces in his hands, Cooper earns about £13,000 a year in variety, cabaret and television.

"The first time I met him I thought he would never get farther than entertaining at children's parties," says Miff Ferrie, his agent. The meeting took place in 1947 at a West End night club when Ferrie, as the club's bandleader, was auditioning artists for cabaret. Cooper, fresh from army service, wore a shabby demob suit.

"He introduced himself as an impersonator, but his impersonations of Charles Laughton and other film actors were terrible," recalls Ferrie. "He seemed to be just an amateur with plenty of bounce but no talent." Asked what else he could do, Cooper said he was a conjuror. He began a card trick—and fumbled it. The band tittered. A few days later, on Ferrie's advice, Cooper returned to the club with a full act of comedy magic. This time, the band roared. Ferrie booked him for a week. The contract eventually lasted for four months.

First Chance On Television

Shortly afterwards came his first chance on television—in *Leslie Henson's Christmas Party*. The critics singled him out as a promising act and many other television dates followed. Today B.B.C. producers consider his slapdash comedy id l for television, but find that his enthusiasm needs restraint. "The temptation to slip in extra gags is sometimes too much for him," says Bill Ward. Once, in Ward's *This Is Show Business*, he upset a tight-running schedule by adding four minutes to his act.

At script conferences, Cooper invariably tries to persuade the producer of the show to let him sing, mime or do anything else which will

With Kim Kendall as assistant, Tommy prepares to wreck another trick. His crazy act is ideal for TV, but producers restrain his enthusiasm

AFRICAN FURY

The adventures of a big-game hunter on safari

Time for cool nerves: George Michael takes aim in a duel with the King of Beasts

EIGHT years is the average working life of a big-game hunter. Then his luck changes or he loses his nerve—and he has made his last safari. George Michael, whose autobiography, *African Fury*, begins in JOHN BULL next week, has been conducting safaris for sixteen years; his friends say he is living on borrowed time.

Hunting is a man's job, demanding a strong heart, a sharp eye and lightning reactions. . . . Trekking through the bush after a rogue elephant, Michael stumbled on a lions' lair. In the frenzied mêlée that followed he killed five lions—for just five shots.

But the good hunter, writes Michael, should be judged not on the number of animals he kills but *how* he kills—and *why*. When a native chief appealed to him to destroy an elephant herd, Michael was after a dangerous enemy. That herd had run berserk through the chief's village, destroying crops and trampling livestock to death. Michael avenged the score with a bag of nine elephants.

The peace of the camp fire, the skin-tingling night sounds of the bush, the fury for survival of animal against animal, man against animal—George Michael knows the safari scene from a lifetime of dangerous living. The first instalment of his absorbing adventure story—illustrated with photographs of actual hunting trips—appears . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

lengthen his allotted time. More often than not, however, producers choose to inject him into programmes in small doses.

"I rationed him to thirteen minutes of each forty-five minute show," says Graeme Muir, who handled Cooper's *It's Magic* series on television. "I felt that this was enough. People either dote on Tommy or can't stand him."

"The fact that many of my jokes are not new caused me early setbacks," Cooper admits. One evening in 1948, Billy McComb, the magician, needed artists for shows in Ireland and went to Collins Music Hall, Islington, where Cooper was playing for £10 a week. "Tommy pleaded for a booking, but I had to refuse—I'd already heard his jokes in other acts," says McComb.

According to Cooper, the vital part in his technique is convincing *himself* that his material is funny. He tests gags by springing them on friends or relatives and waiting anxiously for reactions. "Usually he bursts into the kitchen with a funny hat just as I'm putting the joint in the oven—and is hurt if I don't laugh," says Gwen, his wife. At rehearsals, he cracks gags continually in the hope that some will be accepted. When *Encore des Folies* was in preparation at the London Hippodrome, he ran off the stage, fired a pistol and returned holding a dummy blood-stained hand. "Too gruesome," ruled the producer. Cooper finally agreed.

Thomas Frederick Cooper is the second son of an Exeter poultry farmer. A conjuring set given by an aunt on his tenth birthday started his interest in magic. When the Coopers moved to Hythe, near Southampton, he was apprenticed as a shipwright to a firm of boat builders—and stopped the work in the yard by giving conjuring displays. "I was told to take the day off," he recalls. Cooper's ham-fistedness—he kept dropping his tools—at length caused him to be given weeks off indefinitely. Afraid to tell his parents, he made good his wages by cycling to nearby towns and doing odd jobs.

About this time, he says, he accidentally had his first taste of comedy magic. As an amateur conjuror he appeared at a local function one night and lost his nerve completely. "I was tongue-tied. My patter became gibberish. As well as spoiling my tricks, I dropped and smashed a bottle of milk over my feet."

He volunteered for the Horse Guards in 1939 and did sentry duty on horse-back in Whitehall. Off-duty, he boxed for his regiment as a heavyweight, and had his nose broken in horse-play at an army swimming bath. As a sergeant—"the life and soul of the Naafi," says an army friend of the time—he was transferred at the end of the war to Combined Services Entertainment. He took a concert party on tour in the Mediterranean and met Gwen in Cairo in 1947. "We happened to sit next to each other in a bus," she says. "I joined the party as a pianist." They married in Cyprus a few weeks later.

While in the Middle East, Cooper bought a fez in a bazaar for a shilling and wore it to give his conjuring act an Egyptian atmosphere. This headgear, with his long hair fluffed out at the sides, has become his trade mark. "People don't recognize me without it."

Released from the army, Cooper found it hard to break into show business. For a while he worked as a "grafter," selling toys in market places. He tried serious magic as a sideline, but with little success. At one performance in a drill hall his ten-minute turn dragged on for half an hour. The orchestra conductor leaned across the footlights and snarled repeatedly: "Get off!" Eventually the curtain had to be rung down on Cooper, who afterwards explained: "I couldn't leave the stage. I'd forgotten to think up an end to my act."

Wore Basin Instead Of Fez

Among the comedian's first engagements under Miff Ferrie's management was the part of an Ugly Sister in *Cinderella*. Later, he was auditioned at the Windmill Theatre and booked at £30 a week.

While there, he was doing six shows a day and cabaret at nights—in one week he gave fifty-two performances. Soon he became known as a nervous character. "Occasionally we wondered whether the nervousness was entirely genuine," says Johnny Gale, the theatre's stage director. One afternoon Cooper dashed into the property room in a state of agitation, grabbed a pudding basin and put it on his head instead of a fez. Then he went to take his cue. "The basin was whipped off him before he got very far, but the stage staff laughed—and that seemed to please him," says Gale.

Despite an income which puts him within reach of luxuries, Cooper is cautious with money. "Some stars in show business spend every penny they get. A minority go to the other extreme and put it in the bank. Tommy is among the minority," says a close friend. Cooper refuses to buy a television set—his wife watches him on TV at a neighbour's house—and he prefers to live in a forty-two shilling a week basement flat in Bloomsbury instead of finding a more exclusive address.

The flat is cluttered with the toys of his daughter Vicky, born last April, and his collection of conjuring tricks. "Tommy goes to nearly any lengths to practise a trick which takes his fancy," says his wife. Often he dismantles trays and chairs in the process. Once, a tea trolley which she had bought for £10 gave him an idea for making a vase of flowers disappear. So he took the wheels off the trolley and cut a hole in the top large enough to put his hand through.

Delights In Practical Jokes

Gwen adds that in other respects domestic life with her husband can be exacting. "He loves practical jokes," she says, and recalls that, knowing that she dreads insects, he left some plastic flies on her plate one evening and dropped a rubber spider into her bath. "The next morning I found a tin on the breakfast table. When I opened it two enormous metal snakes jumped out."

To guard against his absent-mindedness, Cooper carries a detailed list of engagements in his pocket. Miff Ferrie decided to provide him with this list after the comedian's visit to Manchester several months ago. Arriving one Monday morning to begin a week in variety, Cooper dashed to a theatre which was advertising a programme of magic. The stage-door keeper insisted that there was no Tommy Cooper on the bill but, impressed by a bluff assurance that there had been a mistake, let him through.

"By the time the management had decided that of the two Manchester theatres giving a conjuring show that week, Tommy had definitely gone to the wrong one," says Ferrie, "he was on the stage, happily rehearsing his act with the band."

THE END

THE MAN FROM THE TURKISH SLAVE

by ***VICTOR CANNING***

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Miraculously, they were alive—in a village wrecked by a tidal wave. Alive, but still in danger, hunted by desperate men who would shoot them on sight

In a moment, Tereza was in his arms. Peter felt her whole body shaking with sobs of relief

PETER LANDERS lay exhausted in the rocky crater of a volcano. Four men were closing in on him, and one of them—a huge fisherman named Assis—had a shotgun. Its twin muzzles were a foot from Peter's face.

The volcano was behind Portos Marias, an island fishing village off the Brazilian coast. The four men—Assis, two brothers named Pastori, and Lesset, an American—were part of an international jewel-smuggling network. Peter, working for London insurance interests, had evidence that could jail them all. They had driven him up here—to kill him.

Portos Marias was the nerve centre of the racket. Stolen jewels, the loot of large-scale robberies in Europe, were being brought here in tramp steamers: the Turkish Slave, Peter's own ship, was one of them. The stuff was transferred, at sea, to the Pastoris' fishing boat, sealed in tins at the cannery, and taken to the mainland as "tinned fish." The link between the cannery and the Pastoris was a certain Dr. Jaeger. . . .

So much Peter had discovered, with the help of Quisto das Tegas, the plump, explosive uncrowned king of the island, and his attractive daughter, Tereza. He had made friends with them—and now he and Tereza were in love.

But neither Quisto nor Tereza could help him now. Tereza was a prisoner of the racketeers, and Quisto was out with the fishing fleet, participating in a local ceremony, the Blessing of the Boats. Desperately, Peter managed to knock the gun muzzle aside. After a furious struggle with Assis, he scrambled over the ridge and tore down the mountainside towards the village.

PART 5

Quisto Returns

QUISTO, at sea with the fishing fleet, felt uneasy. It had been a strange night and, as it had worn itself out, the feeling of uneasiness had increased. He could tell that Nimo Dinez and the rest of the Borrisco's crew felt it. It was their silence, the way they looked around more often than usual at the sea and the sky as though they were expecting something.

For two hours, when they were well out, they had fished, shooting the nets and, while they waited, working the handlines; and for two hours there had been no fish. The nets had come in empty and their lines knew only the pulse of the current and never the quick tug and tremble of a golden dory or a fighting bonito. They had shifted their ground, but there was still no fish.

But an hour before dawn and when the Borrisco was within sight of the island, their luck had changed. The sea was suddenly alive with fish. The nets came up charged and sagging with them; so many that they seemed even to leap aboard of their own will, curving, twisting

and arching across the scale-flecked deck boards until the crew walked deep in them.

There seemed to be a frenzy in the fish which communicated itself to the men. They shot the nets again and again, and piled the deck with their catch; and there was everything: tainha, small rays, bonito, catfish, a few sharks, eels and occasionally a banded water-snake which they kicked back into the sea that was a churning cauldron of fiery phosphorescence. . . . And as they worked they sang and shouted happily, for this prodigality could be nothing but a good omen. And yet Quisto mistrusted it.

They stowed their nets, tidied their decks and laid out on a hatch top the best of their catch to be carried in ceremony to the church; but by the time they were done and the Borrisco was heeling before a strengthening dawn wind, the happiness had gone from them, leaving them quiet, and reluctant to talk to one another.

And now, as they came through the harbour mouth, with the sun washing the tall fronts of the Portos Marias houses in soft gold and firing the quiet waters held in the great bowl of cliffs into a blaze of amethyst, the feeling was still alive.

The sail came down with a gentle clatter and the Borrisco rode on her own way towards the jetty. The town was waiting for them.

Father Gordano stood there, the morning wind stirring the full sleeves of his robes. Behind him, held aloft by four islanders, was the canopied figure of the Virgin, pink, sky blue and gold under the rich silver and scarlet baldachin; and behind them the young boys from the choir, and then the townsfolk old and young, male and female, the heads of the men bare, the women cowled in scarves, some of them holding babies to their breasts or clutching the soft hands of children scarcely able to walk. They massed themselves along the jetty and spilled raggedly into the square, and around the fringes of the crowd the dogs whined and ran in puzzled excitement, the gulls wheeled and screamed in the liquid blue of the sky.

Quisto stood in the bows, rope in hand. It snaked through the air and was caught. The crowd stirred, the coloured mass of bodies pulsing as though it shared one life. This was a moment that no one in Portos Marias ever missed. An hour's sleep and the feasting of the past evening was forgotten.

Now all eyes were on the Borrisco. The sight of the piled fish on deck drew a great murmur from the crowd as she bumped alongside. Two of Nimo's men sprang ashore and made her fast. Then Father Gordano, his voice loud and clear, began a prayer, and the heads of the crowd bowed and a forest of hands went up as each person crossed himself.

Quisto and Nimo came down the jetty, bearing between them the hatch cover and its burden of fish. They knelt before the priest, who blessed them and their charge, and then, with Nimo's crew behind them, they moved on, following Father Gordano and the figure of the Virgin.

The crowd opened up before them, letting them through and then closing in and following after them towards the church.

The choir boys began to sing and the sound rolled up between the tiled house-fronts, up into the morning-scented air. Behind them, a great cloud of gulls descended, shrieking and fighting on to the deck of the Borrisco to seize the fish which lay there.

Slowly, the whole of Portos Marias went up the steps of the church, between the tall cream pillars that supported the portico. The candlelit gloom of the great church enveloped them. It was cold in here. It always was, for the body of the church had been hollowed out of the soft cliff-rock. The faint candle-light struck points of fire from the silver and gold of the votive offerings around the walls; the islanders spread out across the chancel and from the sanctuary came the chant of the young boys as Quisto and the other men placed the fish offering reverently before the altar. The still face of the Virgin, pale and lovely and touched with a gentle sadness, looked down over them. . . .

Peter was some way down the slope of Pae, the volcano, before the church came into view. He veered around an isolated pile of boulders, running hard. Over the huddled rooftops far below, the street came into sight. He could see right down it to the square and the jetty, with the fishing craft alongside and a great cloud of gulls over one of them. The street and the square were deserted.

He kept on, following the line of a dry water-course down the hill, and saw that eventually he would strike Portos Marias where the road from the church ran up on to the first shoulder of cliff.

Uppermost in his mind as he ran was the thought of Tereza . . . a growing anxiety which spurred him on.

Glancing round, he saw that he was keeping his lead over Lesset and his men. They were two hundred yards behind, lumbering along. But nothing could halt him now. As long as he kept going he was safe. It was a good feeling and repaid him for all he had been through. He could even, as he ran, feel pleased with himself and proud of the way he had come out. Now that safety was ahead, and there seemed every chance of stopping Lesset from getting away, it was hard not to give himself a pat on the back.

He plunged through a patch of maize, climbed a low stone wall and then was heading across short turf to the top of the cliff. A slow curl of smoke came up from the chimneys, and the huddle of houses with their blue, pink, yellow and white plaster walls were no longer toy-like and distant. The sun was up, clear of the sea now, and the far clouds had thinned into long mares' tails and wispy streamers before a freshening breeze that set in from the sea.

He ran along the cliff edge and then slithered down a loose bank on to the track that led to the port. As he went over the bank he heard a shot behind him, and he laughed. It was no good shooting at him. He was out of range, and he guessed that behind the shot lay despair. Lesset and his men knew that this was the end for them. Against the rest of the island they would be helpless and, to get to their boat, they had to come down into the square.

Ahead of him to the right, Peter could see the great portico of the church, where he knew the whole of the island was congregated. He was a distressing figure to see, but he was exultant and forgetful of his fatigue. His brown hair was matted with sweat and rock dust, his face caked and streaked with dried blood and dirt and his shirt was cut to ribbons. The sole of one of his shoes flapped and beat against the cobbles as he ran, and his left knee showed palely through a great slit in the leg of his trousers.

As the street levelled out near the church, Peter slowed down. Everyone would be inside now. But he knew what he had to do. He had to go right in—and get hold of Quisto.

It was at this moment that Jaeger slipped out in front of him. He had seen Peter coming down the hill and had been waiting for him, hidden in in the doorway of Father Gordano's house.

Peter pulled up. Twenty yards away was the church, the sound of chanting voices rolling out from its depths. He moved forward, three slow, purposeful steps. Jaeger stood his ground.

The thin, white-knuckled hand lifted, holding an automatic.

"You will turn and go back." Jaeger's voice was dry, a venomous sound in the bright air.

Peter stood there, a great surge of anger and frustration sweeping through him. The night had been so mad and exhausting: he had forgotten this man altogether, forgotten everything except his overriding determination to get back to Portos Marias.

"Get out of my way!"

The automatic moved slightly. "Turn back. I shall not hesitate to shoot."

Jaeger's eyes were dark-shadowed with fatigue and anxiety, the white face, skin taut over the long bones, was marked with a bitter resolution. He had none of Lesset's confidence. He was worried and, from his fear, made savage, desperate.

"Back!" Little flakes of spittle sprayed from his lips.

Peter stood where he was. It was folly to provoke Jaeger . . . but he knew he had to do it. Nothing was going to stop him now.

It was then that Peter heard the noise. It was a high, whistling, surging note, and then, suddenly, a steady, menacing roar and hiss which grew louder every second. There was that in it which possessed the power of immobilizing all thought and action. It filled the whole of time and space with its overwhelming presence, an inhuman, howling presence, all noise and fury. It was a sound which had a strange, almost human note, as though a vast horde of ravening warriors was sweeping towards them, their throats full of the incoherent frenzy of battle. There was power and viciousness in

Peter turned his head at the noise. Racing toward

them, faster and faster, higher and higher, came a roaring mass of water, smashing its way into the square. He yelled hoarsely to Jaeger: "Run!"

the sound; the air vibrated with it and the ground shook with its onsweep.

Jaeger looked over his shoulder and Peter made no attempt to jump for his gun. He was looking, as well, past Jaeger beyond the church to the harbour.

"Himmel!" The word cracked, a dry whisper in Jaeger's throat.

Racing in through the harbour mouth, piling up higher and higher as it funnelled past the horn of the headland, was a great wave. It came in with the speed of a galloping horse, rolling up in great jets and spurts of breakers around the shores of the small harbour; a vast, foaming wall of water. Its crest was an angry mass of white spume which curled forward in an enormous frond, growing heavier and higher as it smashed its way towards the square.

Peter saw the few dories and rowboats that lay anchored off the end of the jetty lifted and swallowed in its roaring green and white maw. It piled over the jetty, and he saw the heavy fishing boats heave and swing madly and then disappear under the fury of the thundering sea. The wave hit the edge of the square with a great slap that sounded like the crack of a hundred cannons. A fine, sheer curtain of spray soared a hundred feet above the houses, caught the sun, filled the air with a galaxy of fast-dying rainbows. and then the water was pouring on across the square and into the town in a swift cataract, carrying all before it.

PETER yelled hoarsely: "Run!" Jaeger was with him. The enmity between them was dwarfed by the danger racing towards them. A hundred yards ahead of them the ground rose. If they could make it and get high enough they might be saved.

The roar rose behind them and with it now came the crash of collapsing walls, the angry splintering of wood and the pounding snarl of racing water. A frightened dog went by them, yelping with fear.

Jaeger stumbled and fell. Peter heard him shout. He half-turned, dragging the man up, and the water was upon them. It swirled about their legs in a gentle flood for a second and then the great mass, foam-flecked, mottled at its base like smooth marble and at its crest overhung with a curl of spume, slammed down at them.

The water hit them, and the blow was brutal. It smashed into Peter, driving the breath from his body, snatching him away from Jaeger, taking him under and rolling and sporting with him. He kicked out and fought, came up for a moment and gasped for air, and then he was under again, sucked down into a green and grey hell where unknown forces belaboured him, spun him round and round, drove the wits and breath from his body and spewed him back and forth like a cork. It became a dream, a mad, hazy dream which swiftly robbed him of all power. . . . He might have been under an anaesthetic. . . . He came and went, lived and died, choked and breathed. One second his eyes would be fixed on a patch of sky, the next he was in darkness, his ears full of the savage roar of water. He saw Jaeger's face loom large, distorted, and then it was gone. . . . He sank back into an oblivion, knowing only

Continued on page 24

GLASS—and Reg Tomlinson handles with care

by JACK ATACK

Fog, with the cover it gives to smash-and-grab raiders, brings trouble for the men who work with plate glass—costly, dangerous and more temperamental than any woman

ONE CHRISTMAS, a shabbily dressed man walked up to a group of glaziers working on a tailor's plate-glass window at Clapham Junction. "How much does that glass cost?" he asked them. "Sixty pounds," he was told. The man said nothing, but watched the glaziers work on. Two hours later the job was completed, and the glaziers stepped back to look at their work. The stranger stepped back, too, and hurled a brick through the window.

"It appears the man wanted a bed in jail," says Reg Tomlinson, one of the glaziers. "It was frustrating for us, but we were glad to help."

This is one of the lighter aspects of a glazier's work. But plate-glass shop windows can be dangerous. Late one afternoon in April, 1952, Reg Tomlinson telephoned his firm to announce that he and seven colleagues had finished work on a large window in an Oxford Street store. "Right," came the voice of the manager. "Now carry on to Maida Vale. A woman has gone through the front of a delicatessen. We'll send the glass in another van."

Dangerous To Children

When Tomlinson's team arrived, the woman had been taken away in an ambulance. She had tripped, crashed into the window and fallen across the opening. Dangerous fangs hung from the frame top. "Children and inquisitive passers-by might have been badly cut," says Tomlinson. "We had to clear up right away."

Police and insurance companies consider broken glass one of the most serious threats to the public. In his twenty-five years as a glazier, Reginald Tomlinson, a short, sandy-haired man of thirty-nine, employed by the London firm of James Clark & Eaton, Ltd., has cleared up after thousands of breakages. These have been caused by such things as runaway cars, flying bricks, falling mannequins, hurtling car jacks, rolling spare tyres, slamming doors, harassed shoppers, gales and, in one case, a mob riot.

His work has taken him to hundreds of shops, and to prisons, mental homes, bomb dumps, control towers, aeroplane hangars, a perfume saloon, an exclusive West End diamond club—and Buckingham Palace. He averages five jobs a day, but during the great fog of 1952, his firm cleared up after 275 smash-and-grab raids in eight days; for a week, Tomlinson was seldom home before midnight.

The risk of tragedy is part of a glazier's work. Once, two men were moving glass from the "horse" where it was stacked to the cutting-room table. One man held a stack of plates while

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Among the many hazards faced by glaziers at work are high winds, slippery rooftops, unseen flaws in plate glass and, says Reg Tomlinson, sightseers

Teamwork is vital as the glass is inserted at a precarious angle. At the Festival of Britain, Reg Tomlinson was one of those who put in the world's biggest window

A window in a big Oxford Street store was smashed in an accident. Here, eight men gingerly lift the replacement

his colleague tried to slide a layer out. But the plates vented (a failure, caused by an invisible flaw, which is similar to the laddering of a stocking) and came crashing down on him. He was rushed to hospital, but bled to death on the way. The other man was away from work for six months and lost the use of his right hand.

"Accidents like that," says Tomlinson, "are not likely to happen today." The hazards of loading glass have been reduced by travelling cranes equipped with air-compression suckers. The air is extracted and pumped in through pipes, and the crane with its row of suckers travels the whole length of the warehouse. It grips the glass evenly and securely and swings it on to the cutting-room table.

Toe Almost Sliced Off

But although accidents in the warehouse have been halved by the use of suckers, the dangers of outside handling are as serious as ever. Recently, while installing a shop front in Southwark, Tomlinson gave the plate a sharp rap with his knuckles and listened to the customary ring of "healthy" glass. As he manoeuvred the plate between two brick walls, however, a corner vented, snapped and caught him across the neck. On another occasion he was glazing a large plate in Harrow with twelve other men. "The plate seemed sound enough," he recalls, "but a corner vented and pinned one man's boot to the ground, practically chopping off his big toe."

According to Tomlinson, his main enemy is the wind. "A large plate of glass is as exposed as the sail of a boat," he says, "and the wind can play cruel tricks with it." Once Tomlinson's team erected a scaffolding when putting in a first-floor window in Brixton. They had just manoeuvred the plate thirty feet above the pavement when a gust of wind tore it from their grip, carried it over the scaffolding and hurled it to the ground.

One of Tomlinson's colleagues, Alfred King, remembers another occasion when a gust of wind caught a plate that was being carried by eight men. "The only thing to do," he says, "was to give in to the wind. We ran several hundred feet down a crowded street before we were able to regain control."

Tomlinson considers roof jobs the most dangerous of all. During the war he was working on the roof of an old garage which had been converted into a dining-room for army recruits. A previous crew had been sent to do the job, but two glaziers had crashed through the glass roof: one had jumped up, dazed, and his broken ribs had pierced his lungs and killed him.

"It was snowing," Tomlinson says, "and we had to be extra cautious because the asbestos roof was covered with snow. We erected wooden scaffolding from the gutter between the two roofs to the apex of the garage roof. I jumped on the scaffolding to test it and had just stooped to pick up my tools when it came down like a house of cards. My mate fell thirty feet and spent the next three weeks in a fracture bed. I was in such a state of nerves that it took a quarter of an hour to coax me down."

Punching out broken glass, too, has its perils. One glazier had to have thirty stitches in his right leg when a strip vented, scissored and caught him as it fell. Another had the back of his hand opened when a razor-sharp piece dropped from a frame top. "Most of our men," says foreman Harold Tooley, "have been stitched up at one time or another."

Glaziers' equipment is designed to eliminate as much manhandling as possible. Besides slings and webs, glaziers use rubber "laps" for carrying smaller plates, glass-pliers for snipping off rough edges, and a wooden hammer, highly polished to prevent scratching.

In spite of all the safety precautions, some accidents result from human frailty. A man may run his finger around a groove to make sure there is no obstruction, and get a sliver of glass in his finger. Normally these tiny bits harden into a corn and are easily picked off; but sometimes they travel with the blood stream and come up in another spot. Since the glass does not cause festering, the cuts often go unnoticed.

"When a piece gets into the eye," Tomlinson says, "it is a more serious matter. If you blink your eye once, you scratch it twice. Such cases are treated as emergencies."

High winds, vents and slippery rooftops produce most accidents, but Tomlinson attributes one hazard to the crowds always attracted by glaziers. Recently he was installing a plate in Oxford Street with a colleague, Jack Bayley. They had set the plate on blocks for cutting when an inquisitive woman rushed across the street and ran smack into it. "The incident was almost farcial," Bayley says. "But the glass wasn't broken and she was unhurt."

"Even the experienced glazier can be fooled," says Tomlinson. "While we were glazing a maze of showcases in Peckham, one man forgot that an opening he had walked through several times had been glazed, and ran into it full tilt. He left a clear outline of his head and body in the plate, but did not suffer a scratch himself."

Tomlinson's most difficult job was glazing a large plate in the Lion and Unicorn Pavilion during the Festival of Britain. "It was such a tight fit," he recalls, "that we had to pound it into place with wooden pegs."

An experienced glazier today earns a minimum of £8 1s. 4d. for a forty-four hour week. "The job calls for common sense, patience—and quick thinking," says Tomlinson.

After finishing a cash-on-delivery job at one shop, he went to collect the money, but the burly shopkeeper refused to pay. Tomlinson distracted his attention while a colleague slipped around the back and removed the plate.

Window Would Not Break

Tomlinson's most exciting job of straightforward glazing was carried out at the Festival of Britain. With men from other British firms he glazed the largest polished plate-glass window in the world. It was three-eighths of an inch thick, fifty feet long and eight feet high, and was valued at thousands of pounds. "It took terrific planning," Tomlinson recalls. "Even a sixteenth of an inch sag would have been enough to put compression on the top and tension on the bottom, thus causing real danger."

Glaziers maintain that the outstanding feature of glass is its unpredictability. "It is more temperamental than any woman," says Jack Bayley. "Once I was removing a bent plate from a shop in Bond Street. It was a special shape and would never be used again. I hurled a fourteen-pound lock at it three times. Each time, the lock bounced off. Eventually, we used a sledge-hammer." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

DETECTIVES IN KHAKI *Norman Phillips concludes*

his inside story from the dossiers of the army's Scotland Yard

Diamonds—the biggest prize in smuggling

WHEN GEORGE CORNEY, a big, hefty man, finished his service with the Scots Guards before the war, he became a policeman in Hampshire. He rejoined his regiment at the outbreak of war, went to the Western Desert and soon found himself back on police work with the Middle East detachment of the Special Investigation Branch of the Military Police. The S.I.B. was formed in 1940 to combat crimes of any kind involving military personnel or property.

Corney was walking down Cairo's Sharia Maleika Farida one evening when, passing the Thames Bar, he saw something that made his eyes widen. Inside were three deserters from the Royal Engineers—Little, Hopkins and Calder, sometimes known as the Little Gang. Corney was in plain clothes, but he did not pause. "I

went to the next bar down the street," he recalls, "ducked in and borrowed a *galabieh*, the Arab costume. I rolled up my trousers and, after telephoning for help, left the bar looking, I hoped, like a native."

The disguise was good enough to impress two R.A.F. policemen on patrol. Corney asked them to watch a car which he thought belonged to the gang. "The Little Gang?" said one of the R.A.F. police. "They're sure to be armed. You'd better take this." The uniformed man thrust his pistol and lanyard into Corney's hands.

It was the first time in all his considerable police experience that Corney had gone in to make an arrest with a gun in his hand. "It felt awkward," says Corney, "but I went into the bar in best cowboy fashion and announced: 'The first man who moves will get this!'"

The reply was a table that came sailing through the air at him. Fortunately, Jim Melton, Danny Reid and a few other S.I.B. men arrived in time for the free-for-all. A pistol, Corney thought, was just an encumbrance in such a mêlée. He remembers putting it down carefully. Then, after subduing Little, he spotted a hand stretching towards the pistol lanyard. "I didn't know if that hand was friend or foe," he says, "so I chopped at it with my heel. Another hand reached for the pistol. It was just like a Western film. I kicked at that one, too, and finally got my own fingers on the gun."

Escaped With A Razor Blade

Corney made 130 charges against the three deserters. They were court martialled, sentenced and shipped back to jail in the United Kingdom. With the peculiar respect police officers sometimes have for their opponents on the other side of the law, Corney saw them off.

Little had certainly earned respect earlier for mastering the trick of releasing himself from leg irons with the help of only a razor blade. Hopkins and Calder had on another occasion turned the tables on the S.I.B. by organizing Little's escape from custody.

The S.I.B. had picked up Little, not realizing how desperate a criminal he was. The day after his arrest, two Royal Engineer sergeants came to the prison and asked to see the man "who had brought disgrace to the Sappers." The indignant sergeants were Hopkins and Calder, and they got Little out of prison under the noses of his captors.

Not all deserters were gangsters. Early in 1943 a dashing young major booked himself a room in Jerusalem's King David Hotel. He was an attractive fellow with blond hair and a Danny Kaye smile; he was wearing a parachutist badge and the Military Cross. He gave the name of the Hon. Brian Browning. Headquarters officers found him a gay companion and gave a party to celebrate his M.C. The amateur drama society cast him as a witch in their production of *Macbeth*. Only an S.I.B. sergeant-major named Johnston was dubious.

Dashing Major Was Deserter

Johnston reported his suspicions to Major Phil Attfield, a Scotland Yard man then in charge of the S.I.B. Jerusalem office. Attfield tried to engage young Major Browning in conversation, but found him elusive. There was no evidence to confirm Johnston's suspicions.

Attfield waited until, one day, Browning charged a private soldier with misbehaving in a café. The S.I.B. man arranged for Browning to come to his office to make a statement, and challenged him with being a deserter. He tried to bluff, but in his hotel room the police found seven officers' advance-of-pay books in different names, and enough evidence to earn Lieutenant A. B. Clayton, alias Major Browning, M.C., a seven-year sentence. The term was later reduced to five years. Attfield also had the pleasure of phoning the intelligence officer who was head of the drama society. "How's *Macbeth* going?" Attfield asked. "I'm afraid I may have thrown a spanner into the works. I've just knocked off one of your witches."

Attfield, who once compared Alexandria with a Little Chicago, had as his regimental sergeant-major a bulldog of a man named Colin Holmes, who boasted one of the most magnificent moustaches in the Middle East. This blond growth of whiskers was so long that he could use it to tickle his ears. The Arabs called him Abu Sheneb, which means Father of Moustaches.

Hundreds Of Stolen Tyres

In the spring and summer of 1942, Holmes and his moustache were a common sight on the streets of Alexandria. He was often seen waiting at bus stops, although he seldom boarded a bus. "Pop" was more interested in bus tyres than buses. As many as seven hundred army tyres were being stolen at once; they were being sold on the black market for up to £90 each. Holmes thought that if he could make it unhealthy for anyone to buy stolen tyres he could stop the thefts.

In spite of three weeks of fruitless peering at bus tyres, Holmes's suspicions were still centred on the Societé des Autobus du Nord, but to get a search warrant to enter their garages at Sidi Gabr and Sidi Bishr he needed some sort of concrete evidence. He decided that the best move would be to place a man inside the garages, and he enlisted the services of a Greek mechanic.

The Greek learned that War Department tyres were being delivered to the bus company garages—they came in taxis or in the municipal dust cart. The W.D. mark was removed before the tyres were used. One day the tyre department overlooked a single W.D. mark. Holmes's agent tipped him off where to find the marked tyre. The S.I.B. and civil police raided the garages, recovered 167 tyres and fifty-eight inner tubes, along with £1,816 worth of stolen military motor spares. The managing director, an engineer and a storekeeper were arrested and tried by the civil courts for receiving stolen property.

Suspect Would Not Talk

On the night of April 17, 1945, a particularly daring band of thieves stole seventy-eight pistols from the Royal Naval Armaments Depot at Fort Agrud, near Suez. The S.I.B., working with local police, recovered twenty-one of these weapons, with a suspect named Mohammed Monheim who would not talk.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ronnie Crocker of the S.I.B. remembered a local circus featuring Dr. Rifaat, a mind reader. Rifaat agreed to help the police. He was told the facts of the case and the suspicions of the S.I.B. He then blindfolded his assistant and appeared before a group of Arabs including the suspect.

Rifaat questioned the assistant, who, under "hypnosis," pretended to have a magical knowledge of the theft from the depot. Rifaat then asked: "Is the thief among the people gathered here?" The assistant said that he was and that he would detect him. "Great evil will befall him unless he discloses the whereabouts of the arms," he added.

The assistant walked along the line of Arabs, feeling their extended hands with his palms. When he reached the suspect, Mohammed Monheim, the assistant pressed tightly and drew the man out of the line-up. Mohammed went pale. Completely taken in by the trick, he

Hypnotizing an assistant, mind reader Rifaat (in white coat) helps the S.I.B. to find a thief

Detectives unearth a small cache of stolen army tyres—worth up to £90 each on the black market

Another trick exposed by the S.I.B.: workmen stealing away with tents wrapped round them

Clutching his suitcase, Diamant strode from the Customs shed after only a brief luggage inspection. Then the detective grabbed him

ILLUSTRATION BY CASWELL

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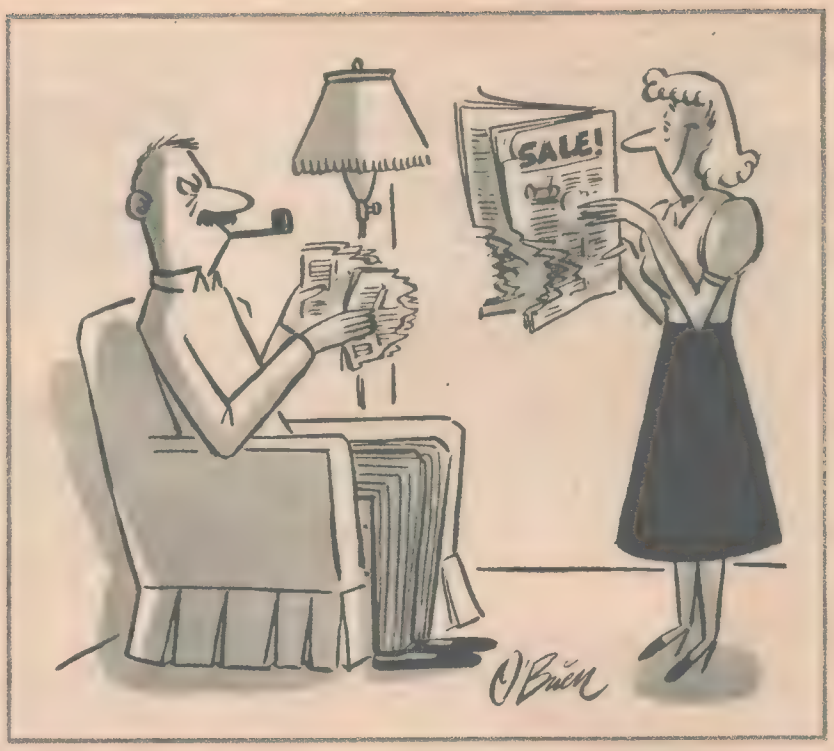

started to talk. As a result the police found the remainder of the pistols.

For recovering all the pistols, Crocker received a commendation certificate. "Whether or not I should have been given the citation if my methods were known," he says, "I do not know. But they got results."

In Persia and Iraq, the S.I.B. Paiforce detachment worked in extremes of temperature ranging from 125 degrees in the shade to fifty degrees of frost. Investigators supervised the long convoys carrying supplies to the Soviet Union. As many as two thousand vehicles a day passed along the rough highways. Many of the drivers were civilians who stopped at wayside teahouses to take hashish, and then raced their ten-ton lorries at fifty miles an hour to catch up with the convoys. Along this route, in one year, the S.I.B. recovered £100,000-worth of pilfered military supplies.

Trapped By A Letter

Smugglers also helped to swell the total amount of property the police restored to its rightful owners or confiscated on behalf of the Treasury. One of the biggest hauls of smuggled goods was a consignment of unmounted diamonds which a Palestinian officer tried to bring into Iraq.

The officer, whose name, appropriately enough, was Lieutenant Pinas Diamant, fell into a trap as a result of an indiscreet letter written by his wife. The letter interested the military censor, who passed it on to the Baghdad office of the S.I.B. The detectives noted the veiled references to diamonds and allowed the letter to be delivered to Diamant, who was attached to the Survey Branch in Baghdad. Shortly after, Diamant applied for leave and went to Haifa.

It was July 31, 1945, when Diamant returned to Iraq in one of the big six-wheeled Nairn transport buses which cross the desert. An S.I.B. officer watched the lieutenant step off the land cruiser and stride through the Iraqi Customs house, where his baggage received only perfunctory examination. Diamant left the Customs shed so quickly that he crashed into the waiting detective.

A search of his suitcase produced thirty-three diamonds. The stones were worth an average of £700 each, or a total of more than £23,000. Diamant was convicted of smuggling and the diamonds went to ease the load of the taxpayers.

The name of the Bab-el-Hadid barracks, the S.I.B. headquarters in Cairo, was peculiarly apt—Bab-el-Hadid means Gates of Iron, and some of the toughest desperadoes and cleverest frauds and dope runners ended up there behind bars.

Screens were fitted over the drains in the grey stone building to trap hidden loot that prisoners tried to flush away. The cells were reinforced after one occasion early in the war when six handcuffed deserters removed the screws from every door, including the guardroom. The offices themselves were unpretentious, and even that of Colonel Claude Harper, the wartime chief of the Middle East S.I.B., had as its only decoration a series of maps showing the force's outposts from Greece to Eritrea and from Syria to the Western Desert.

One hot night in 1946 a large and sleek American car drove into the courtyard at Bab-el-Hadid and an elegantly clad Greek emerged. He was a man of about forty, five feet eight inches tall, well fed and manicured and reeking of perfume. His name was Johnny Angelides.

From his trim Ronald Colman moustache to his neat little feet Angelides gave no hint that he was, in fact, a product of the Cairo gutters. However, inside Bab-el-Hadid he revealed how he had risen first to waiter, then café owner and finally to wealthy contractor. His was such a fantastic tale that at first not even the S.I.B. would believe him.

Angelides asked to see Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Elliot. He was shown into the office of the dark, sturdily built Scotland Yard man who was an original member of the S.I.B. in 1940, and who later guided the world-wide activities of the force. With Elliot was a slim, blond major named Leonard Bertram Mountford, better known as Monty.

Greek Sought Revenge

Speaking first in English and later lapsing into an excited mixture of Arabic, French, Italian and Armenian, Angelides told his story. He was a man with a grievance. He had been blackmailed and double-crossed. Moreover, the villains who had involved this honest business man in shady deals were two British colonels.

Elliot and Mountford listened with the polite attention trained investigators adopt when they sense trouble. They concealed their scepticism of the Greek's tale and, plying him with raw Scotch and prawns, encouraged him to elaborate on his complaint. Angelides required little encouragement. He was out for vengeance.

The Greek explained that as a contractor he was anxious to obtain mild steel and building supplies. Egypt had been able to obtain little steel during the war, and even in 1945 the best source of scrap metal was in demolished buildings.

Then the British Army decided to dispose of certain fortifications and military installations. The possibilities for salvage were immense, and it was

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

ONE of the biggest customers on the books of Larry's one-man window cleaning business was a firm of accountants, Messrs. Holborn and Holborn. Every ten days, he trundled his barrow along to their offices and spent most of the morning there.

Larry was always faintly surprised that the young Mr. Holborn, the junior partner in the firm, should tolerate a cracked window pane in his room. It had been cracked ever since Larry had begun to clean Holborn and Holborn's windows, and two slats of wood were screwed firmly across the frame in case the glass became loose and fell into the office.

Perched about eleven feet above the floor on his ladder, Larry had got into the habit of gripping the slats to steady himself as he cleaned the young Mr. Holborn's windows. But one day he had a nasty shock.

Mr. Holborn had, of course, often seen Larry busy at his work, but he had never noticed that he held on to the slats. One day, Mr. Holborn resolved to tackle the cracked pane; he measured up the pane of glass, planning to fit a new piece. He replaced the slats temporarily with one or two tacks.

Early next morning, Larry arrived, mounted his ladder, and began to clean the windows. He reached over, grasped the slats—and plunged to the ground as they came away in his hand. He was badly hurt, and his one-man business ceased work for weeks.

He sued Holborn and Holborn, saying that they had altered the condition of the window, and had created an unusual danger about which they knew. If they had warned him about it, he could have protected himself. The time he spent recovering had added to his financial losses, for he had no one to help him.

"I was not aware that this gentleman used the slats to steady himself," replied the young Mr. Holborn, giving evidence for his firm. "I could hardly have known that I had created a danger to him by merely tacking them." He went on to suggest that if Larry had moved his ladder instead of leaning across, the accident would never have happened.

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, see page 27

even worth tearing a concrete pillbox apart by manual labour to retrieve the steel reinforcement.

The army method of disposing of surplus installations was to call for tenders. These were submitted to the Directorate of Hirings and Disposals, Middle East. In this department there was a Fixed Assets Branch in charge of Colonel Louis Pedretti and Lieutenant-Colonel James Sinclair Dawson. The two colonels received tenders from contractors, opened them and noted the highest bidder. They then recommended that his offer be accepted, and the successful bidder was told when he could start demolition work.

When he mentioned Pedretti and Dawson, Angelides slipped into a mixture of languages. English was not sufficient for his description of the two colonels. They were the men who had wronged him.

Elliot and Mountford exchanged glances while Angelides stopped to sip his drink. The two men knew that the Greek would now try to make himself appear to be the innocent party, so that there would be no prosecution of Johnny Angelides.

The voluble contractor did as he was expected. He accused the two colonels of concocting a plot to cheat the army and force the honest Angelides into helping them. The scheme involved a number of Egyptian, Greek, Maltese and Italian contractors who were all anxious to obtain salvage rights to military installations.

Long Tale Of Bribes

Instead of bidding against each other and forcing up the price, these contractors met and agreed not only on the top price that was to be paid for any tender, but also who would make the bid.

When the Dekheila Defences outside Alexandria were advertised for disposal, it was decided among the contractors that Angelides should get the contract. His tender was slightly more than all the others and, being the highest, was accepted. For his connivance in this deal, Pedretti, according to Angelides, received £2,500.

Angelides went on with a list of demolition contracts, tenders and bribes. He named the contractors—El Kadr, Hilal el Abbassi, Ibrahim Idris and six others—and offered to help Mountford and Elliot to interview them. They had been working together for a year, Angelides said, but everything had finished after the bidding for Helwan camp.

Helwan was a tremendous military establishment that had cost the British Government £337,000 to build. After the war it was offered to the Egyptian Government as a going concern for £156,000. The Egyptians did not want it. The army then reassessed Helwan as a demolition project and estimated that it should fetch £37,000. It was put out to tender in nine lots.

Angelides wanted Helwan so badly that he was willing to offer a bribe of £5,000 to make sure his tender was accepted. The tender he submitted was for £23,000. Angelides waited for the plum to fall into his lap. When the award was announced, Helwan Camp was given to El Kadr. Angelides was so furious that he decided to expose the ring.

Unravelling The Case

Mountford and Elliot were not impressed. They were willing to credit the contractors with operating a racket, but it was incredible that two senior army officers should be involved.

Elliot decided that the situation required detailed investigation and he assigned Mountford to the case. He spent the next five months unravelling the details.

Angelides took Mountford and Elliot out into the desert to meet El Kadr. He was a tall, patriarchal figure in Bedouin robes who lived in a tiny village and ruled it like an English squire. At the same time he was one of the biggest contractors in Egypt.

The interview took place in the village's one tea shop; with flies buzzing around them, the four men ate sweet cakes and drank tea. To each question, El Kadr merely shook his head and said in Arabic: "I do not understand it."

The investigators found el Abbassi in a lush Cairo bar, surrounded by five secretaries with whom he conducted business while he sipped White Lady cocktails and ate smoked salmon. When the subject of the tenders was broached, el Abbassi broke into a cold sweat and refused to touch another drink or bite of food.

Leaving his secretarial staff behind, he went to Bab-el-Hadid, where there was another all-night session. By morning, Mountford and Elliot had heard details of how el Abbassi had paid Dawson £450 to get the contract for Edqu airstrip, £200 for an Indian hospital tender and a fat £1,300 (shared by el Abbassi and El Kadr) for Menayif airstrip.

The vengeful Greek, Angelides, kept bringing people to Bab-el-Hadid or inviting the investigators to meet potential witnesses in their own surroundings. One interview with a wealthy contractor took place at the Auberge aux Pyramides, while in the background King Farouk judged local beauties for the title of Miss Egypt. With the exception of el Abbassi and Angelides, the contractors would not talk for fear of incriminating themselves.

Elliot and Mountford began to put more trust in Angelides's charges, but they still lacked corroboration of many of his statements. They decided to take a chance, pounce on Dawson and Pedretti and hope to find more incriminating evidence.

On August 7, at 11 a.m., Elliot walked into Dawson's office and told him he was under arrest. "I've been expecting this," said the dour Dawson, who was an Australian. "I'll expose the whole show." He handed over the keys to his luxurious flat in the Zamalek district. The S.I.B. searched it, found £1,790 in Egyptian currency and, more important, an agreement Dawson had made with a civilian.

This document showed that the colonel had provided £5,000 which passed through the hands of the agent into El Kadr's pocket. The contractor was to use the money in the bidding for a contract covering Beni Mussel camp. This installation, easily worth £50,000, was awarded to El Kadr by Dawson's office. The bid that was accepted was only £13,220.

Dawson was found to have assets in Cairo amounting to about £10,000, a sum he could not easily have come by on his army pay. He was shown to have sent £650 to England and £476 to Australia. In addition to the cash in his safe, he held £600 in I.O.U.s and had £1,000 in the bank. He also owned two Cairo taxicabs.

Pedretti was enjoying leave in Palestine when his associate was arrested. He returned three days later and, as he stepped off the plane at noon, he walked into Elliot's arms.

Pedretti was a charming man with a dry sense of humour. He blinked behind his heavy-rimmed glasses and said: "What can I say? What should I say? I've never been arrested before and I don't know what is customary on these occasions."

Where Was The Money?

The S.I.B. searched Pedretti's flat, with little success. There was no evidence of large sums of money, and it was some time later that Mountford unearthed the secret of how he had disposed of his gains. Pedretti had a friend who helped him to build up a bank account in Jerusalem and joined him in investing in an hotel.

Pedretti had also dabbled (unsuccessfully) in gold shares, and he had transferred £2,500 to London for a firm of estate agents to invest for him. The estate agents, innocently, used the money on the colonel's behalf to invest in a cinema and a block of flats in Hull. By order of the War Office, these holdings were later sold and the cash presented to the Treasury.

Dawson and Pedretti were detained in a transit camp. Dawson decided to fight the accusations. He made the mistake of bribing an Egyptian employee of the camp to carry letters for him. The Egyptian turned the letters over to the camp commandant. They contained warnings to contractors to keep quiet. In the hands of the S.I.B. they helped to convict him.

Pedretti decided to make a full confession. "I feel the time has come," he wrote, "to make a full statement on the charges against me. I met Angelides in 1944. We became friendly. He persuaded me to accept £2,500 for helping him to get the Alexandria pillbox contract." The £2,500, Pedretti explained, had been transferred to his friend's account in Jerusalem and thence to London. Mountford flew to England to trace these investments.

Two Guilty Colonels

Pedretti and Dawson were tried by court martial on charges involving £18,000 in bribes. Both were cashiered; Pedretti was sentenced to three years' penal servitude and Dawson to five. One day in 1947 the two crooked colonels walked down the gangplank of the troopship Orduna at Liverpool Their uniforms were stripped of rank badges. They carried their belongings in kitbags slung over their shoulders.

In Cairo the Judge Advocate General wrote across the file of the convicted men: "I am of the opinion that, considering the intricate nature of the case, the S.I.B. officers are to be congratulated on the immense amount of detailed work which they have accomplished in a comparatively short time. I do not think that the Metropolitan Police or the City of London Police, with all their ample resources, could have accomplished very much—if more—in the period." THE END

"Guns, Drugs And Deserters," the book version of "Detectives In Khaki," will be published by T. Werner Laurie Ltd. on February 25, 1954, price 12s. 6d.

THE MAN FROM THE TURKISH SLAVE

Continued from page 17

as he went that he no longer cared for himself, that against this no man could fight.

Lesset and the others had seen it all happen. They had stood on the crest of the cliff looking down into the town and watched Peter nearing the church. Lesset's hand had gone for his pipe and pouch. He was filthy and cut and exhausted with the night's adventure, and he had been wondering whether this was the moment when, for the first time, he would have to acknowledge failure and accept a future very different from the one he had planned. There was no way out. Peter and the whole of Portos Marias lay between them and the boat by which they could escape. It would only be a matter of time before they were hunted down and caught. Then Jaeger had stepped out and, almost at once, he had heard the wave and seen it coming. His own problem vanished.

The sea. The powerful, mysterious, beautiful sea. He thought of the quake that morning and knew what had happened. Out there the sea had settled or shifted. It did not even occur to him to be glad they had not got away on the boat to meet the wave far out. . . . He watched, fascinated; a man whose greatest love was for the sea and its power, a man whose passion fed on its dark, violent mystery.

The water flooded into the town. It took the running figures beyond the church and swallowed them. It came up in an angry burst of breakers to the steep slope of the road, and the harbour was suddenly four times bigger than it normally was, a great expanse of swirling water, lashed with whirlpools as conflicting currents roared back from the higher slopes. The roofs and top floors of the houses floated above the flood like foundering arks.

Lesset watched as though he were caught up in a wild dream. He was fascinated and horrified while the sun-lit nightmare lasted. The waters drained out of the harbour, sucked back to leave great stretches of the harbour bed bare . . . a wild, grotesque reach of land shining with weeds and silvered with turbulent channels between the exposed rocks, and piled with the wreckage of the first onslaught . . . upturned, smashed boats, furniture, crates and animals that still moved and struggled. From the mud and sand-banks stranded fish leapt and arched vivid, blade-like forms in the blue morning. And then the sea, angry, ravening, sluiced back, but the inundation this time was broken and ragged and not so high. Five times the sea retreated and then came back again, and each time the violence grew less.

THEY watched and they said no word. There was only the noise of the sea, the cry of the excited gulls and the soft, despairing rumble of a wall or a roof giving way. And then the whole thing was over. They stood looking down on a wrecked Portos Marias. Only a few houses had been completely destroyed, but most had suffered damage. Portos Marias lay there under the sun, quiet and peaceful.

The harbour waters were discoloured, heaving restlessly still, and littered with flotsam. A slow swell broke with a steady booming against the foot of the protecting headland and the wet cliff rocks shone like metal. Of all the craft that had been in the harbour not one remained afloat. The air was heavy with the tang of mud and seaweed.

Assis broke the silence with a sudden cry. "The church! Look at the church!"

They came down the street as far as the church. Water, still draining from the houses and alleyways on the higher slopes, cascaded down the side of the road. In places, long, low banks of sand and silt buried the cobbles. A rowing boat had been forced halfway through a door, windows had been torn from their frames, splintered wood and debris lay everywhere. All around there were signs of sad confusion and destruction; clothes and bedding, sucked from

"It appears to be sticking again"

the houses by the waves, lay in wet, shapeless piles; a dog lay drowned across a golden bank of gravel, stretched out as though it slept, and here and there were bedraggled clumps of feathers which had once been fowls.

And now the gulls and seabirds, which in the first onslaught of the wave had risen, wheeled high in alarm and forsaken the harbour, came sweeping back in a great cloud. Portos Marias was suddenly noisy and clamorous with their cries as they dived to the harbour waters for the dead fish which strewed its surface. But the four men staring at the church scarcely heard them, paid them no attention, for they had eyes only for the destruction which faced them.

"SANTA MARIA. . . ." Assis for a moment felt frightened and crossed himself. Then, when he would have made a movement towards the church, Lesset put out a hand and stopped him.

The first wave had smashed across the church steps, crashing into the columns that held the heavy portico. The pillars had fallen, fracturing like chalk-sticks into a jumble of pieces, and piling on top of these had come the great roof of the porch, covering them with a mass of broken tiles and masonry, and blocking the entrance to the church. From the cliffside above the portico a great slide of earth and turf had collapsed and shot downwards until now nothing could be seen of the church's great wooden entrance doors.

Slow channels of mud and slime worked their way down the great pile from which thrust broken lengths of white pillars. Where the sludge and rubble fanned into the street, showed a gleam of gold and blue from the Madonna which had topped the portico. Reaching skyward from between two lumps of masonry was one of her arms, the hand still untouched, the long fingers oddly real and disturbing.

Lesset turned, watching the three men who were with him. He understood them only too well. He would have to be careful. There were people inside the church whom they knew. In the face of communal disaster, their immediate impulse was to go to the help of their fellows. With him no such instinct obtained. Now, and always, the only human life which had any value was his own. At the moment when he had thought all was lost, out of the blue had come the wave. He was being given a chance to retrieve himself from disaster, but without these men he was helpless. He meant them to do as he wanted. He began to talk, his voice touched with a convincing gravity, a persuasive common sense. "Listen to them. No one's come to any harm in there."

Faintly, from behind the pile of masonry and rubbish, they could hear the muted voices of the people trapped in the church.

"Every able-bodied man in the place is there. They don't need our help. It may take them a day, perhaps longer, but they'll get out. We shan't do ourselves any good by helping from this side. . . ." His eyes were on them, watching for the first sign of a wrong word on his part. "We have to look after ourselves. All we have to do is to find a boat and patch it up. We disappear, and there will never be any hue and cry after us. Think of it." He cocked his head at them, beaming. "You can start fresh—with all the money that's waiting for you. And the police won't even be looking for you." He saw at once that Vasco and Manuel were with him. Only Assis was staring at the great pile of rock, masonry, mud and earth.

The whole thing was so clear to him. They had been luckier than any men had a right to be. What better cover for a disappearance could there be than to have the authorities accept you as dead? And yet here was Assis wanting to stop and dig out the islanders.

He put a hand on Assis's shoulder. "Go on, Assis. Get a shovel and pick and dig. You'll get them out a little quicker than they could by themselves, and you'll earn yourself a fine reward—fifteen years in prison!" He laughed gently and saw the hesitation in Assis. "Money, Assis. You've got it waiting to spend. Anywhere you wish . . . Chile, Peru. . . . And no one will bother you."

"What about the Englishman? He knows the wave didn't get us," asked Vasco, his lean, hard, mahogany face thoughtful. "If he's alive, the police will eventually know about us."

"You saw the wave. Who could survive that? He's drowned, he must be drowned." Lesset tried to keep the impatience from his voice.

"There's the girl, too. What about her?" It was Manuel, frowning, trying to get his thoughts sorted out.

"She's tied up in Jaeger's kitchen. She can't be alive, but we'll check on that." His mind had raced ahead of theirs. Not only Peter and Tereza, but anyone else who was alive and saw them would have to go.

"The Englishman may never show himself. How shall we ever know?" asked Manuel stubbornly.

"Does it change the position?" Lesset was glad they were forgetting the church and concentrating on Peter. "We get to the mainland and we still disappear. The only difference is that the police will know we've disappeared. But they'll never find us. That's all arranged."

But Lesset knew that for all of them it would be better if Peter and Tereza were dead. As for Jaeger, if he were drowned and his body found . . . so much to the good, for it would make people think they, too, were dead. If he lived . . . then he was lucky and would go with them.

He kept at them, his words warming and reassuring. "Once we get to the mainland we're safe. I promise that. The people in the church don't need your help. Then help yourselves—and don't waste time about it. We'll worry about the Englishman or anyone else if the moment comes. Let's go."

Manuel and Vasco were with him. He saw that. They stirred, beginning to move away. They no longer wanted to see the church or be reminded of it. The sooner they got away from the island the better.

Lesset would have followed them. But Assis stayed stubbornly. Suddenly he said angrily: "But Anita's in there. We ought to try to do something."

Lesset hunched up his shoulders wearily against the weight of his years and Assis's stupidity. At that moment he could have killed Assis willingly. Instead, he moved back and took the man's arm, his touch rough and paternal, and his voice was understanding and sympathetic. "So she is. And so is Quisto and many other good friends of ours. But they will be all right. You've got to accept the inevitable, Assis. Think straight. Last night you were prepared to leave the island and never see Anita again. Where's the difference now? Once we get to the mainland you'll forget her, anyway. There'll be other girls. You'll be in clover—and the police will never bother you. Come on. We have to think about ourselves."

ASSIS let himself be led away. The moment the church was behind him Lesset knew that the rest would be easy. . . . Peter and Tereza were dead. They had to be dead. But if they weren't and he found them . . . or if anyone else was around, God help them. He was getting away, and he was going to have the world think that he had died in the wave.

The first body he saw was that of Jaeger. It lay against a wall at the side of the street, the skull crushed, a long ribbon of green stalk from a stranded crinoid across the breast. A sea-lily for remembrance, thought Lesset. He turned on the men savagely when they would have moved the body.

"Nobody touches it! When they get out of the church do you want them to suspect anyone's been around here?"

They moved on. Before they entered the square they turned aside to Jaeger's house. Doors and windows were smashed. Inside it was a wreck and there was no sign of the girl. Part of the kitchen wall had collapsed outwards into a small courtyard. The girl had been bound, Lesset thought. She would have had no chance.

He went down the street towards the square with his men, his suit crumpled, limping a little from the night's exertions, his bones and muscles stiff. His face now was serene, showing no sign of the ruthlessness which lay coiled within him, but his eyes watched every alley mouth and doorway. . . .

A patch of sunlight fell athwart the door and lit the hallway. There was a long pool of water down one side of the wall, and the sunlight striking this made the green and red tiles underneath glow. For a while Peter had the hazy impression that it was coral and seaweed.

He stared at the water and the tiles, huddled up against the foot of the

"I'm afraid you'll have to speak up a bit, dear—I've got the wireless on rather loud . . . "

stairs, one hand still stiff and clamped around the lowest post of the handrail. Water dripped down the stairs. A large curtain that had draped the end of the hall had collapsed in a wet, heavy mass upon his body. Near the door a sandalwood dowry chest had been washed half across the threshold and lay, canted across the step, partly supported by its smashed lid.

And then he saw himself. But for a while he did not know it was himself. It was a stranger who lay there, reflected in a heavy mirror which had fallen from the wall and sloped between the stair foot and the frame of an open door at the side of the stairs.

He moved, trying to shake off the clinging weight of the curtain and saw that the stranger was himself. His cheek was cut and torn and a dark line of stubble made his face heavy and pugnacious. His feet were bare and there was a pounding pain in his left side, where something had been smashed against him in the maelstrom of waters. He sat forward, drawing his hand stiffly away from the post, and began to massage it absently while his thoughts came back to balance and memory slowly returned. For a while all he could do was to work at his stiff hand and breathe gently to ease the pain against his ribs. He leaned forward, shutting his eyes. God, what a mess! What a mess! It came back to him; the pounding, smashing horror of green and white water, the sense of being lifted, thrown about and sucked down, the weakness and the despair and finally the great gulf of blackness. Half-sitting, half-lying there, he had a sudden overwhelming sense of desolation and loneliness.

Then he heard the voices. They spoke Portuguese and they were clear, coming towards him. He struggled up, filled with a swift gladness, his mind stupid with the content of knowing there were other people about. They came nearer. He saw the figures pass the open door, and they stood out sharply against the bright morning sunlight. He saw them, and as they passed each one was like a blow, punching into him and waking his memory painfully and urgently, forcing recollection back on him. The urge to struggle up and shout to them was killed in him before the movement began. The Pastori brothers and then Lesset and Assis. They went by the door, talking and moving purposefully. He saw Lesset glance aside, look, it seemed, straight at him, where he sat, draped still in the curtain and hidden in the shadows at the foot of the stairs. Then they were gone.

He sat there, remembering everything and with one thought in his mind. Tereza. He pulled himself up, throwing off the curtain, and he staggered, splashing through the water in the hall, towards the door. Tereza. . . . His bare feet slipped on the wet tiles and he fell. He saved himself by grabbing at the chest blocking the door. Slowly he hauled himself up and stood, breathing hard, feeling the ache and strain in his body, but feeling now a stubborn, angry logic coming back to him, and knowing only one anxiety. Tereza.

He climbed over the chest into the street. Fifty yards below him were the four men just turning into the square. He had no time for them. He had to find Tereza.

Where would she be? Lesset had said she had been taken. But what had they done with her? Grimly, he forced his brain to thought. There were three places: the blockhouse, the Pastori house and Jaeger's house. He had to try them all.

Jaeger's house was just down the street. He made for it. He saw Jaeger's body lying by the wall. The sight raised no feeling in him.

He went over to Jaeger's house. There was no sign of Tereza. He went back, up the street, frantic, possessed by a wild urgency.

He came to the church, saw the destruction and heard the faint voices coming from within. He looked at the blocked doorway. He turned and stared down the street, his face set taut and angry, and his fists clenched with a violent fury. Lesset and his men had seen this. And they had walked by. . . .

"They changed the plans for the cruise. We didn't go to the tropics after all"

He ran across the street, scrambled up the side of the pile and dropped down three feet to where masonry was lodged in a great mound high above the peak of the doorway arch. He began to lift and sling the stones and rocks back, working with a feverish, unthinking energy, and as fast as he removed the wreckage, earth and slime and silt poured back. Suddenly he stopped, overwhelmed by his frantic anxiety for Tereza and the urge to find her.

He straightened up, knowing he had to take hold of himself, force himself to reason. It had to be worked out. To do any good here he had to have a pick and shovel. But first he had to find Tereza. Also—this thought struck home hard—he had to keep clear of Lesset.

When they turned into the square, Lesset and the others saw that it was a shambles, a mass of wreckage and debris. Against some of the houses the sea had swept up great banks of sand and piles of seaweed. Not a window was intact. A few of the palm trees still stood. The others had been uprooted or snapped off. Here and there a house wall had gone, and between the canning factory and the corner of the street leading up to the church were piled six or eight large fishing vessels from the Portos Marias fleet. They lay there on their sides, upturned masts gone, great holes driven through their planking. One glance told Vasco and Manuel that none of them could be made ready for sea. It would take twenty men to shift one of them down to the harbour slip.

They turned away, moving across the square. The gulls still called and wheeled through the town, but their noise now seemed to have become a fitting part of the desolation which was everywhere. Nothing moved or lived except them and the birds. The sun was higher now and the heat increasing. In places the bare stones were drying off and little trails of vapour rose from the piles of rubbish and wet planks. Silently the four moved across the square, going from one stranded boat to another. The Borrisco, her fresh paint scarred, the pathetic remnants of her garlands still clinging to her decks in places, lay tilted in a great pool of water midway between Commere Grazia's bodega and the sea wall of the square.

Close to the Borrisco they found what they were looking for.

It was a sturdy motor boat, about twenty feet long, which stepped a small mast and had a powerful petrol engine. She lay against a fallen palm, on an even keel. There was a foot of water inside her and a couple of strakes torn from her bows.

"Have to fix the bows," said Manuel. "Water would come in as soon as we met any sea. But that can be done."

"The engine?" Lesset glanced at Vasco.

"Full of water. That can be fixed, too. We can dry out the plugs and the fuel tank. With luck the magneto and distributor head will be all right. They're watertight."

"Will she take us?"

Assis, feeling better now that he was away from the church and they were about to do something, laughed. "You could cross the Atlantic in her."

"How long will it take?" Lesset asked Vasco.

"Can't say. We can get the water out easily enough. Manuel can fix the bows and we can run her down to the slip on rollers between us. That's easy. But the engine—that depends. We may be lucky. Perhaps six hours, perhaps two."

They started work on her right away. They heeled her over and drained the water out. Then Vasco and Assis began to work on the engine, stripping down the fuel and carburettor system and unshipping the magneto to dry it.

There were tools in the locker under the stern thwart.

Manuel scouted around and found planking to patch the bows, but he had no carpentering tools. "I'll have to go up to the house."

Lesset handed him Vasco's shotgun. "Take this with you. And keep your eyes open."

He watched Manuel move off and felt the automatic in his own pocket. There was no hesitation in him, no wavering. He was following his luck with the faith of a fanatic, convinced that if he once faltered, once gave way to any pity or softness, then his luck would go. The earth and the sea don't stir themselves for ordinary men. . . . They had moved for him and he meant to use their power, to take their gift.

In that moment he was exalted, the strain and the nerve-toll of the night forcing him to a high pitch of awareness and resolution. God help anyone who showed any sign of life now. While Vasco and Assis worked away, he began to quarter the square, moving a little way up into the streets and alleys, his revolver ready; looking . . . looking . . . and listening.

Restless, searching, he crossed the square and walked the length of the waterfront, his eyes scanning the drift and wreckage that lay below the wall. There were dead animals; dogs, cats, a sheep and two or three goats, and in one place a splash of wet colour, lime green, yellow and red where a parrot from one of the houses had been engulfed by the waters. But nowhere were there the bodies he wanted to see.

He returned to the motor boat and sat on the fallen palm, facing the town, the dead and wrecked little Portos Marias, with its tumbled walls, its wreaths of vapour going up from the drying piles of plaster and stone.

Manuel came back, carrying a bag of tools, and he began to shape and fit the new bow planking. And while his men worked Lesset watched. He watched the town, the stretch of square, the street mouths and the dead window openings and the shadowed doorways. Behind him there was the rasp of a plane, the tap, tap of a hammer and the clank of tools being dropped and the low voices of the men. The crying of the gulls had diminished. They had gorged themselves full and were now floating, a white patch in the centre of the harbour.

They were dead, Lesset told himself. They had to be dead; that was the way his luck was running. Their bodies had probably been swept out to sea, or lay buried under some collapsed wall. Then as he sat there a fresh thought came to him.

Lesset turned away from the lifeless houses. Assis came round the stern of the motor boat, carrying the fuel tank. He upended it, draining away petrol and water.

"Who couldn't have gone to the church this morning?" Lesset asked him. "Is there anyone ill?" The Blessing of the Boats ceremony was something which everyone attended. It was bad luck not to go. But he had to be sure.

Assis looked at him for a moment and then shrugged his shoulders. Manuel drove a nail home and cocked his head up as he squatted by the bows. The fat, ugly face grinned and he said, "There's Pasquale."

"He would have gone," said Assis.

"With a broken leg?" Manuel laughed.

"We must be sure. He could be watching us." Lesset turned and moved across the square. Assis would have made a move to follow but Vasco held his arm.

"What does it matter to you?" he growled. They all knew what was in Lesset's mind. "Whatever he does is for us as well."

It was a small house well beyond the bodega and fitted tightly into the foot of the cliff where the path leading to Quisto's villa began. The door was blocked with wreckage. Lesset climbed in a window and up the stairs. He went into the bedroom that faced the square.

A heavy bed had been thrown half on its side and a tall cupboard had been torn adrift from the wall and lay partly across the bed. Underneath, pinned down by bed and cupboard, the upper part of a man's body showed. He was a man of about seventy, his face lined and work-seamed. A long red nightshirt had been rucked up about his shoulders and neck by the water and there was an ugly gash across his face from which the blood had flowed to stain the damp bedclothes. For a moment Lesset thought he was dead. Then the old man's eyes opened. He moaned, a noise little more than a whisper. But as he saw

"Stripe me pink!

Mint Spangles"

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Mint Spangles—another sweet treat
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Handily packed, delicious to eat,

SPANGLES are the favourite sweet!

Lesset his face moved and there was the shadow of a smile.

"Senhor Lesset. . . . Praise be. . . ." The old voice was thin, like the skirl of a dead leaf across a pavement.

"Pasquale. . . ." Lesset stood there.

"Praise be, senhor. . . . I heard you talking. But I couldn't shout."

Lesset nodded. He bent down and picked up a heavy length of wood that had split from the cupboard. Deliberately he raised the wood and struck hard three times, feeling the skull break beneath the heavy blows.

LESSET went down and out of the house and threw the wood into a pool of water. Nothing must get in the way. Nothing. And Pasquale had heard their voices. Pasquale might have lived. And Pasquale might have destroyed his security.

Vasco looked up and said, "You found him?"

"He was dead. A great cupboard had fallen on him."

Manuel nodded approvingly and then chuckled, his dirty teeth showing in a tight-stretched mouth, and for a moment his eyes met Lesset's.

"Poor Pasquale. . . ." Assis crossed himself.

"He is dead—and so are we." Manuel was laughing to himself. "And for dead men we have a good future. . . ."

Lesset turned away from them to sit on the fallen palm. Above the town rose the crest of Pae, hard and clear against the blue sky. Suddenly from behind him he heard Assis's voice. "I'm hungry and thirsty."

Lesset stood up. His suit was ripped and dirty. There was a grey stubble on the broad, corrugated face. The three men were looking at him, dark-skinned, unshaven, the wind taking their coloured shirts and ballooning them. They looked hard, tough and brutal, but he knew that compared with him they were children, soft, sentimental, easily led.

"I'll try Grazia's," he said. "There may be something there."

He turned to make his way to the bodega. As he did so, he heard the steps. They clattered sharply in the bright air. His hand went down to his pocket and the automatic came out. The three men moved up behind him and he saw the long, dark line of Vasco's shotgun rise. The steps were coming down the street at the side of Grazia's. Hard and sharp, they came on, then paused, and in the pause the silence was broken for a moment by the distant cry of the gulls. The steps started again.

Lesset turned, and with a motion of his arm directed the men to take cover behind the motor-boat. They crouched there, and watched the street corner. The steps broke into a swift running clatter.

Round the corner of the bodega and into the sunlight came a brown, mousy-coloured figure, and then, trotting across to them, as though he could smell the company of humans and would not be denied it, was Bobo, Quisto's donkey. Assis stood up and roared with laughter. Bobo came up to them and blew gently through his nostrils.

"Good old Bobo." Assis put out a hand and fondled the beast's muzzle. Then he looked at Lesset and grunted truculently. "Well, what about it? We're hungry."

Lesset did not like the way Assis spoke. He would remember it and Assis would regret it later. But for the moment he showed no resentment.

He went towards the bodega. The platform was a jumble of broken chairs and tables. The vine trellis was torn away into a sagging mass of greenery that swept over the walls and part of the steps and lay weighted down with sand. The piano lay smashed, its keys grimacing from a welter of splintered wood. The blue shutters hung drunkenly from the glassless windows and the door had been driven in and torn from one hinge.

Lesset picked his way up the steps awkwardly, a clumsy, tired old figure, his head cocked, looking like some shabby, bedraggled bird. He kicked away a pulpy mass of seaweed from the door and went in.

He found some flasks of wine, cans of food, a large cheese and a box of biscuits which had escaped being ruined. He piled all the stuff on the table. They were going to be thirty-six hours at least at sea. They would want provisions. He gathered it all up in a large cloth and was about to leave when he heard a sound.

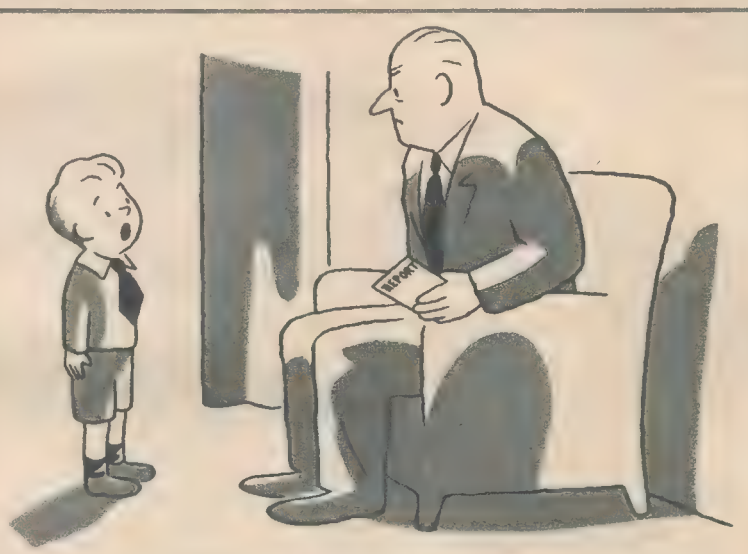
He spun round. It came from the half-open door, at the far end of the room, which led into the vast store-room where Grazia kept the general merchandise for the island. It was the sound of something heavy, sliding and falling and crashing into water.

Lesset took out his automatic and moved towards the door. Three feet from it he stopped.

"Who's there?" he called. His voice echoed back to him faintly from within the store-room.

PETER climbed down from the pile of debris at the front of the church. He was still shaken and over-awed by the swiftness of the disaster, but his brain was working now, his actions dictated by the stolid phlegm of his nature. So far as he could tell, the people in the church would be all right. Already he could hear men working away at the wreckage from inside, and the dulled babble of voices had quietened as though the first impact of fright and panic had been calmed. Quisto and Father Gordano were there. They could hold the islanders, and they were practical men who would lose no time getting to work.

He searched the blockhouse and the Pastori house without finding Tereza. After that he had no plan. He went up and down the streets, searching the wreckage and the houses. Tereza was his only thought. He had escaped. Then she might have done. But she



"It's not my fault that I inherited inferior mental equipment"

might be injured. . . . He knew that he had to keep away from Lesset. That meant he could not search the square.

Barefooted, he moved quietly and quickly, his speed matching his anxiety. She had to be safe. He had to find her. She was his girl. The one he had found. The one who meant everything. . . . He went along the alleyways, and into courtyards and houses, hardly noticing the mad confusion and wanton destruction.

He went down as close as he could get to the square without being seen, and climbed into a house. From a bedroom window he looked across the square. Lesset, he had thought, might have found Tereza and be holding her. But there was no sign of Tereza. He saw Lesset sitting by the boat and the others working on it. The sound of hammering filled the hot air.

Drawn back against the side of the window, he watched them. Lesset meant to get away . . . and there was nothing to stop him. Mixed now with his anxiety for Tereza was an anger at the thought that Lesset was going to escape. If he could find Tereza, they would be able, perhaps, to help the people in the church. Time . . . every moment that passed was in Lesset's favour.

He saw Lesset rise slowly and walk across the cobbles. He passed under the window and Peter saw the heavy-browed eyes, the large face calm and thoughtful.

Quietly he drew back into the room and made his way out of the back. He went right across the town, keeping to the back ways and, as the urgency of his search grew greater, so his despair increased. How could he look everywhere? How could he search every nook and cranny while he had to steer clear of Lesset? He saw Lesset again, standing at the foot of a street, a short, blunt figure, head cocked, hands in his pockets, and the whole stance of the man was of one who waited, listening, distrusting this dead port. In his very stillness there was something sinister and foreboding. Then Lesset turned and moved back out of sight into the square.

Peter went on. The pain in his ribs tore at him with every step he took and one of his feet was bleeding where he had trodden on broken glass . . . but all this was nothing against the anguish in his spirit. Tereza. He must find Tereza. She had to be alive.

And then he saw her.

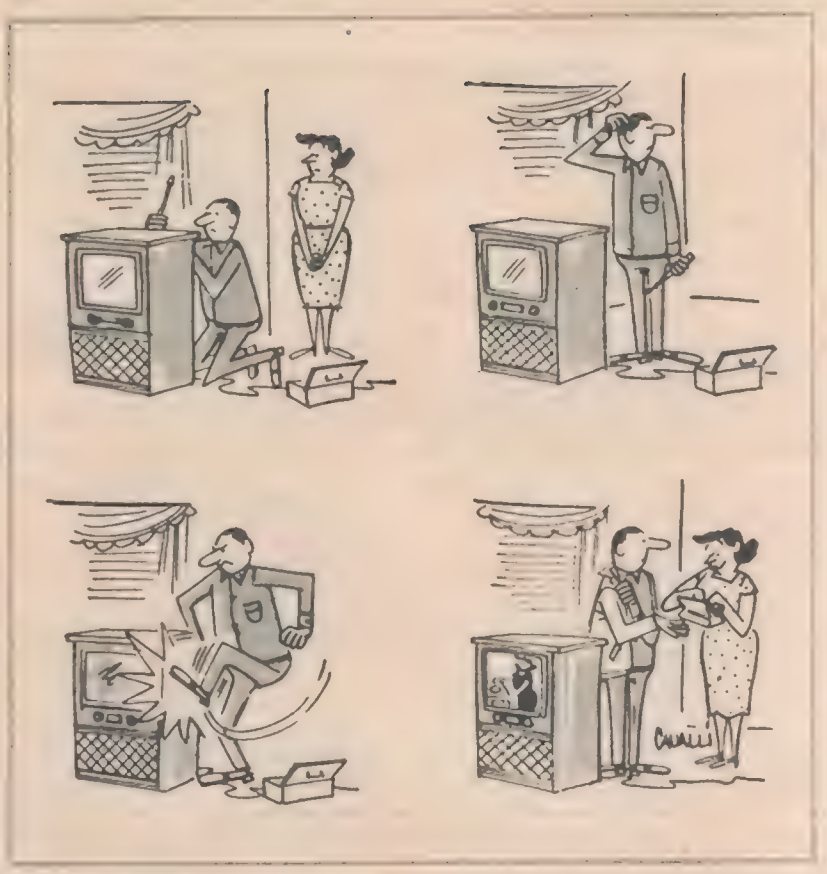
He was searching the wave limit at a small open space which marked the crossing of two alleyways. Great piles of sea-wrack and kelp had been swept up there. As they dried under the fierce sun they gave off a gentle cracking. He searched through it and then, turning, saw her. She stood fifty yards below him, leaning against the side of a door, one hand to her forehead as though she had come out of the house and the brilliance of the sun had blinded her. The joy and relief in him held him to the spot. He had the feeling that if he moved the whole thing would prove false and Tereza would disappear.

She moved forward, her back to him, and with slow, unsteady steps began to make her way down the narrow stretch of cobbles towards the square.

He opened his mouth to shout her name, warning, but the cry was strangled in him as he remembered Lesset. He began to run. He caught her well before she reached the square. His hands went out and spun her round. She stood for a moment facing him, held at arm's length. Her face was still, her eyes bemused like a shocked child's. The dark hair hung damp and loose across her shoulders, which were almost naked where the white blouse had been ripped over one arm. He saw a great bruise mark above one breast, saw the green skirt stiff with salt and powdered with sand.

Then she was in his arms and the warmth of her face was against his and he was kissing her, kissing the great bruise, his hands and arms holding, protecting her, and he felt her young body shaking with silent sobs and trembling with the discharge of fear and shock and relief.

To be concluded next week



GIRL ON BLACK DEVIL MOUNTAIN

Continued from page 7

Range weather being the witch's brew it is. On the rare days when the peak stood clear, though, the spectacle never failed to check him as if a hand had been dropped on his shoulder. At such times, Joe's fingers would stray to the medallion on its greasy thong inside his shirt, and for the next few hours he would conduct his affairs with a scowl enhancing his cross-eyed ugliness.

He had not forgotten his crazy promise, nor had he ceased to look upon the mountain as a personal enemy who watched and waited. But he was a woodsman, not a mountaineer; and while he yearned increasingly to humble the big fellow, he did not know how to begin.

One August day, with the mountain cloudfast, and the smell of the glacier heavy on the lifeless air, Joe looked down from a timberline reef to see dark plodding specks on the ice. For a while he studied the trespassers; then he cached his prospector's hammer and picked up his gun.

His coloration matched exactly the boulders and brown heather. When he stepped out to the glacier moraine it was as if a coppery, cross-eyed gnome had materialized before the two young white men.

"What you doin' in here?" This was Joe's kingdom. He resented intruders, and his tone was hostile.

"It's a free country . . ." the darker-headed of the two began; but the other had the cooler head for all his red hair, and silenced his partner with a touch on his arm. The .303 resting so casually in the hook of the Indian's elbow watched them with an uncompromising eye.

"I'm Dave Logan," he said. "This is Pete Bradshaw. The Coast Rangers' Club heard some talk of a big peak at the head of the Anzac." He gave Bad-Eye Joe his amiable grin. "You'll be Joe Hecate. We heard about you, and how you found this mountain."

The carbine muzzle shifted its black stare, but Joe's face remained sullen. Fur country spoils easy, and nothing ruins it quicker than a lot of people traipsing around in it. He had talked too damn' much when he was hitting the wine at Prince Rupert.

"I don't know nothin' about any mountain," he said.

Their get-up puzzled him. Although the proofed trousers and rain shirts were familiar enough, their boots with the toothed nails around the edges were not woods rigging, and the slender pickaxes, one blade flat, the other pointed, were new in his experience. "If you're looking for big mountains, you better try Franklin River or the Kleena-Kleene. Plenty in there."

The white boys weren't listening. They were staring past him, east along the broad and winding ice stream.

"Lord Almighty!" Dave Logan breathed. His blue eyes shone in his knobbly, sun-peeled face.

Joe pivoted, thumb on carbine hammer, half expecting to see a grizzly behind him. But it was the big fellow. The mountain had double-crossed him, swimming into view through a rift in the cloud masses that boiled heaven-high above the Anzac Range.

They gazed at it all three, Bad-Eye Joe sourly, the young men with the look of eager hunters

"I don't believe it," Pete Bradshaw said softly. "Mister, this baby of yours could be the biggest thing this side of Alaska." He turned to Dave Logan. "Look, it'll be straight slugging to the twelve thousand. We'll skip the high camp, take her in a day."

Logan shook his head. "We're only supposed to look her over, remember. If we came back with her scalp, Bert Harris would toss us out of the club."

He settled the blade of his ice axe under his pack, easing the weight off his shoulders. "Joe, what do you call her?"

The idea of giving the mountain a formal name was a piece of impudence that had never remotely occurred to the Indian. Joe shuffled his feet, irritated that his lie had backfired, uncomfortable in the presence of more company than he had hobnobbed with for months.

"I got no name for him."

"She's yours," Dave Logan said. "You found her. Chances are the government will tag her Mount Mackenzie King or some such, but until they do, by golly, she's Mount Hecate!"

"No!" The gun cradled across the little Kwakiutl's arm jerked violently. "Me, I don't want my name on that one! You got to call him something, call him Mount St. Christopher."

"Why that?" Pete Bradshaw asked.

Joe shook his head. Sober, he wasn't much given to talk; and anyway his dicker with the saint was his own affair. He cleared his throat and said gruffly, "I got nuthin' much on for a spell. How 'bout if I mosey across with you?"

"Fine with me," Dave Logan said; but his companion frowned and shook his head.

"Not this trip, Joe. We'll be moving fast, and I don't think you'd like it up yonder."

Bad-Eye Joe grunted. "You fool around with my mountain," he said darkly, "maybe you won't like it either."

He swung from them abruptly, padding across the humped moraine, back to his timberline ridge.

The peak was briefly revealed again at sunset. Joe thought about the day's encounter as he watched it, smoking a brown-paper cigarette outside his cabin. He didn't like those two going in to the big fellow without him. Matter of fact, he felt very much as he used to when he was hitched to a Bella Coola woman and she started stepping out with other men. The big fellow was his mountain—his and Saint Christopher's—and the white boys had no call to monkey with it.

The third night after their meeting he was hunched over a mason jar that held a feather suspended above an ore sample, gloomily trying to convince himself he had struck uranium, when the split-log door creaked open. Dave Logan swayed in the doorway with blood on his hands and on his blank white face.

Joe half dragged, half carried the boy to his bunk. Logan wasn't hurt, the blood was not his own. Lacking whisky, the Indian boiled a can of strong tea. Then, quiet as the deer mice that stole along the cabin rafters, he listened.

"We should have turned back." Logan's voice was raw from the burn of a nightmare memory. "But there was this gully, and we wanted to see how she looked above it. Pete was half-way across when the slide began. The first stone caved his head in. He slid down the chute on his back, and took me out of my holds. I dug in with my axe. Pete went out and over. Another rock came down and stranded the rope."

That was all. Bad-Eye Joe said, "We'll skid him out on a deerskin far as we can. Pack him the rest o' the way. You better get some sleep now, kid."

Next morning, roped and with only the deerhide on Joe's big packframe for load, they headed up the glacier. It was a silent journey. The ice was badly cracked, and often those snow-masked crevasses lacked even a wavering line of yellow to tell of danger below. Like most bushrats, Joe had always believed in letting glaciers severely alone. After an hour, though, his unease departed. By the time they hit the upper ice he was moving with an instinct so sure that it impressed even Dave Logan's numbed mind.

The snow-powdered body lay on the apron of a small hanging glacier beneath the mountain's north face. That sight took the starch from the white boy's knees, so that he had to kneel, shaking, fists pressed hard against his eyes. Joe stood over him, boots planted wide. After the flaying heat of the glacier it was cold in the mountains' shadow. A shiver tingled his spine.

"You tried to climb that?" He stared at the giddy uprush of dark, ice-glazed rock, while fear and a

Consider your verdict

In the case on page 23 Larry found that, as an independent window cleaner, he had a few industrial hazards of his own. The judge told him that he must not assume that premises were safe for him, whichever way he decided to do his work. If he chose to rely on a part of the building which was safe for normal purposes, but not for his personal method of going about his job, he must take the consequences. Larry lost his case. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

curious yearning contested within him. Licking the big fellow would be something for a man to carry with him, proudly, all his life.

He shed his packframe and unlashed the stiff and crackling deerskin. "Okay. We better load him and go."

They broke from the Lower Anzac spruce hills three days later. Towards evening a southbound fisherman caught their signal smoke and put in to the estuary. It had been a hard trip even for Joe, who was used to heavy packing in tough country; it had taught them a good deal about each other, and they parted friends.

"Next year," Logan said. "I'll square it for Pete next year."

Joe nodded, and cracked his gargoyle face in a grin. "Sure. You know, I been studyin' on that mountain. Man might be able to climb him did he go about it the right way."

Getting in to the big fellow, standing in its very shadow, had lessened his fear of it. Joe worked on his winter woodpile for a spell, then, lacking much else that needed doing until fur season, returned to the mountain. The nose he had acquired for glacier travel kept him out of serious trouble, and when he did drop through a crevasse, the long pole he carried across his shoulders saved him.

He climbed to the boys' high camp and from that windswept saddle at the eleven-thousand-foot level, collected their sleeping bags, spare rope and lesser gear. A side excursion to the hanging glacier recovered Pete Bradshaw's boots from where Joe had cached them to save weight. Only a few yards off, he stumbled over the dead boy's ice axe, buried in snow.

He stowed the gear in his woodshed, and sent Dave Logan a message by the R.C.M.P. constable who came in to question him about the accident. Logan wrote him a long letter, giving him hell for tackling the ice alone. He also got a quiet note from a girl called Susan Bradshaw, thanking him, and telling him to keep anything of her brother's that he wished.

Joe took the ice axe and the triconi-nailed boots, which fitted him well enough with an extra pair of socks. The nails were better on ice than his logger's caulks, and almost as secure on rock as his bare feet.

He was wearing those boots one forenoon in the last week of the July following, when he glanced down-valley and saw mountaineers strung from hell to breakfast along a quarter mile of river bar. Hostility flared in him, but as quickly subsided. Although the distance was extreme, he was sure he could make out a red head. It would be good, kind of, to see Dave Logan again. Also this might be his chance to make good on his promise at last.

The Coast Rangers' Mount St. Christopher expedition—the club had adopted Bad-Eye Joe's name for the peak—skirted the ice cave out of which Anzac River growls to its spruce-walled valley. Joe surveyed the party from where he perched on an ice bridge above the Anzac's roily fountainhead. Logan saw him, shouted at him, and toiled up the glacier snout.

"Klahowya, Joe!" He looked less happy-go-lucky than he had last year, more man than boy now. "How'd the winter treat you?"

"So-so." The Indian's deep-creased grin froze. His grunt was a startled "Wa!" He said, "Dave, why you bringin' a woman in here?"

The yellow-haired girl plodding upwards under a mansized pack was almost as tall as Logan. A big girl, a strong girl, but Bad-Eye Joe regarded her without approval. The Anzac wasn't woman country. Far as he knew, there'd never been a girl in before.

"Pete Bradshaw's sister," Logan said. "You don't have to worry about her. She's a better climber than me."

"You married with her or something?"

"No, we're not married or anything. . . . How's your big guy look this year?"

"Not much snow on him, but the ice is choused up real bad."

The time he'd been married to the Bella Coola woman, he'd learned the wrongheadedness of the sex. It could be that this girl blamed Logan for her brother getting killed by the mountain.

"Mrs. Leeming called. She wants to know if you heard that Mildred Jackson had a baby boy—nine pounds, fourteen ounces—imagine!—and her such a little thing! Gertrude Miller bought a new dress, black and white trim—and you should see the neckline!—at her age! Mrs. Bailey's husband didn't come home until . . ."

Grimly, next morning, Joe watched the party file out of his home meadow where they had camped for the night. He wasn't going with them after all. Their leader, the big dude in the red-and-black checked shirt, wouldn't take him. Harris, his name was. He smoked a curved-stem pipe and talked around it, the bowl sitting on his chin. Talked loudly, and a lot too much.

Joe, fetching water from his spring at daybreak had heard him talking, and lingered in the hemlock fringe.

"Now see here, Logan," Harris had said. "Maybe your cockeyed siwash pal is a natural. But this party's oversize already, and I won't add to it. If he wants a job he can pack the rest of our supplies from the beach."

Logan spoke quietly, but quite loud enough for the Indian to hear what was said. "Even though it's his mountain?"

"His mountain be blowed!" The bulky man hiked his voice another notch. "Here's something else we may as well settle. It isn't your mountain either. Frankly, I'd have preferred to keep you off the climbing list in view of last year's fiasco. I'm afraid there's no place for you on the first rope, Logan."

"I go up later," Logan said gently, thoughtfully, "with the lame ducks. That it?"

"That's it," Harris said, and turned and left him there.

Joe was hardened to cracks about his crossed eyes, but to be called a siwash was the deadliest of insults. He padded out to stand by his friend, a water bucket dangling from each ape-long arm. The mountain had swum clear. The rock tower soared up from the steep-tilted glaciers that buttressed it, cloudless for once, black and menacing against the lambent sky of sunrise.

Bad-Eye Joe chuckled. It was not a sound of mirth. He said to Logan, "Ne' mind, boy. The big fellow will trim him to size."

The expedition spent three days in high camp on the saddle, coming down on the Friday. From his last stake, Joe had bought an ancient brass-bound telescope with which to study the mountain. Through it he watched the party return across a desert of ice, black bugs crawling foolishly under a brazen sky. He was whittling on his doorstep when they straggled from the glacier.

The big man, Harris, looked smaller than when he had led his people out, as if he had somehow shrunken inside his gay shirt.

"You got him made?" Joe inquired, his seamed and leathery face grave but his converging eyes sardonic.

"You wouldn't understand this," Harris said, "but one doesn't just walk up a big mountain, my friend. We're still scouting for a workable route." He sounded like a man trying hard to talk up his courage. "I doubt the weather will hold, but if we get a break we'll try our luck again." His smile, like his voice, was hollow-hearty. "Give us time, we'll climb that mountain yet!"

Bad-Eye Joe averted his head politely, and spat.

It came on to rain that night. After four days of drizzle, Harris, not unhappily it seemed to the Indian, decided a further attempt would be unwise.

"We can't climb in this," he pointed out. "I hate to give up, boys, but there's no sense in risking another casualty." He slapped a mosquito off his neck. "We'll have to let it go till next season."

Susan Bradshaw sat in the mouth of her tiny tent, arms wrapped around her knees, parka hood pushed back from her curly yellow hair. Joe, playing crib with Dave Logan by a smudge fire of green boughs, saw a glance pass between those two. The expression Joe remembered, the hunting look, sharpened the redhead's face.

"Perhaps you're right," Dave told the leader pleasantly. "But I think I'll stick around here for a while."

"Me too," Susan Bradshaw said.

The rain stopped around noon. By that time, Harris had shepherded his bunch from the meadow, without goodbyes.

Bad-Eye Joe dropped another evergreen brush on the fire. "Goin' be a clear day tomorrow," he said. "What you think, Dave? You want to cross over for another look-see?"

"Sure," Logan agreed, with a lazy stretching. "At least, we'd get away from the mosquitoes."

They smiled at Joe, and with smoke swirling about his blocky shape, he gave them his hideous grin.

They started for the mountain an hour before dawn, the morning star lamplike above them, the granular grey ice crunching under their boots. In his lone forays, Joe had discovered several short cuts. He brought them to the high camp site before the sun had cleared the range, and in another hour they had roped out of an ice-fall to the hanging glacier pocketed in the shadow of the north face.

Joe stood in that shadow, and for an instant as he peered upwards at the rushing rock, the primordial fear brushed him as it had when last his feet were planted on this spot of death.

"Which way you figure to hit him, Dave?"

"By the west ridge. We'll work up the ridge same as climbing a drainpipe. If we're lucky, it lands us on the roof. From there it ought to be like spearing fish in a barrel."

"How 'bout that gully where you was caught?"

"We'll miss it if we can."

"Me," Joe said, "I'd do like the goats."

Susan Bradshaw looked at him questioningly. She was very pale, Joe noticed, and for a moment, despite what the government school had taught him, he wondered if her brother's spirit had moved close to her here.

"This billy I saw," he said. "He climb only partway up the ridge. Then he go out on to the face and angle across. I had my glasses on him two-three hours."

Dave Logan studied him speculatively. The little Indian's instinct for high ice was little short of magical. Untrained, of course, but if that instinct carried to rockwork. . . .

"Don't worry about me," Joe said dourly. "I'm with you." It was his own voice speaking, but it sounded strange in his ears. "The big fellow's had me by the tail since I first saw him. Anyhow, I got to climb him, on account of a sort of bet I made once." He flipped his cigarette into a crevasse and settled the sagging bowline over his hips. "Let's get on with it."

The goat was a false prophet. Joe began to realize that some two hours later, after the big fellow had sucked them up its first thousand feet of ridge and veered them out upon the north face. He balanced on a terrace not much wider than his bootsoles, the girl anchored somewhere behind him while Logan continued along the narrowing ledge. The glacier spread its apron a long way below. Joe could hear the steady purr of wind across the face. From far above and to the left came the noise of falling rock. He speculated about the billy goat, coiling in rope as the white boy edged back towards him.

"Your goat pulled a fast one," Logan said. "There's a chimney ahead, a deep cut with the top blocked. He must have laid up in it."

Or just spooked out. The thought, unbidden, flicked across Joe's mind. *Not been a proper goat at all, but one of them the old people talk about in the rancherees at night.*

He said: "What we goin' do now?"

"Looks like the ridge again," Logan said.

"That's the way you and . . . him . . . tried before, ain't it?" Joe's face was stolid, his black eyes depthless, revealing nothing.

"Not quite. This time we'll try to stick with it till we're past the gully."

So they returned to the ridge, the flying buttress tossed out by the main tower. It yielded steadily to them, the angle of ascent stiffening so gradually

WIZARD ON ICE

Chick Zamick, Britain's fastest-scoring ice-hockey star

by DON EVERITT

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

that Joe could not remember when or where he first looked down between his boots into space.

They moved with extreme caution, two anchoring while one climbed. Above Logan's head, where he swung with hand and knee to new holds, the ridge became a dark spin, narrowing, pushing out towards the perpendicular. The mountain grumbled again; this time the rattle of falling stones sounded much nearer.

Logan writhed lizard-like up a near-vertical pitch. The ridge beyond was a blade narrow enough to straddle. Logan belayed the rope around a spur. Susan Bradshaw tapped Joe's boot-heel and he hitched himself another twenty feet. One leg dangled over the distant ice of the Anzac. If he were to shuck his other boot it would land on Grenville Glacier.

On the Anzac side, the ridge bevelled sharp to a trough which was no more than a gouge in the north face. Its floor was lighter coloured than the rock that confined it, too smooth, too steeply up-ended for snow to cling. A stone-shower bounced down it. The stones seemed to rattle and bang for a long time before they bounded out over the face. This was the gully. This was where the boy whose boots he wore had died.

"How are you doing, Joe?"

"Fine," he assured Logan, from a dry mouth.

The death gully paralleled their course. It was constantly noisy with shifting stones now, as the sun continued to melt the ice-mortar that had held the shattered and crumbling peak hard locked through the night. They gained another hundred feet, each inch a struggle, by holds that were mere nicks in the knifeblade.

Joe squinted up through sweat-blurred eyes. Logan had mounted another yard . . . two yards . . . but now clung motionless as if glued to the rock by friction alone. Over him, the ridge leaned outwards.

"End of the line," he panted. His bootnails scraped, he slithered down to the nick from which he had taken off.

"Are you sure, Dave?" That was the girl, her voice tired and brittle.

"I'm sure." His voice was different too, harsher, almost angry. "We can turn back, or we can cross. We might be able to take it from the far side."

A man should listen to the old people. Sweat trickled down Joe's ribs, but his cringing flesh was icy. Some mountains, the old folks claimed, a man was never meant to see, let alone play around on. There was one he-mountain belonged to the Boss Raven, and the raven spirit didn't take kindly to anyone coming near his home.

The old people can tell a man a lot of things. They can tell him what he ought to have sense enough to know—that stones don't roll without someone or something starts them.

Logan called past him to the girl, "Want to go back?"

"Perhaps we'd better." She answered in the same brittle voice, in the lull between stonefalls. "It's too dangerous, Dave. Someone else would be killed."

"Yes, I guess you're right."

Clinging, listening, Bad-Eye Joe felt something stubborn and unyielding rise within him. It was the thing that had driven him, a tidewater man, inland to haunted mountains, shunned by his coast-dwelling kin. Perhaps it traced to some white man's heavy joke. *Why don't you go where you're looking, Shorty?* Or still further back, to the scornful nickname kids at school had laid on him to stick for all his life.

Working quietly with one hand, he freed himself from the rope. A stone shower set the gully clanging; before the echoes had died, a new fall was on the way.

Bad-Eye Joe touched the medallion that dangled against his sweaty chest. He swung both legs off the ridge as the last of the fall roared by, and launched himself into the trough.

His triconi nails found wrinkles in the scoured granite. Logan was yelling to him, but he scarcely heard the white boy's voice. He braked his final slide with a grinding of elbow and knee skin. He was in the gut of the trough—and the big fellow was speaking to him in a sustained and triumphant bellow. He flashed a glance up the gully. A boulder as big as his cabin was thundering down, booming from wall to wall.

He lunged, felt his boot catch, and thrust again from that miniscule purchase on the gully floor. The sun was blocked out. The boulder bounced over him, past him, on down the trough.

Missed me, Joe thought, in fierce and sudden triumph. Hell with the old people and that Boss Raven stuff. Tossed his biggest one at me and missed!

He finished the traverse with a leisurely deliberation that Dave Logan, chafing on the other side, damned for pure bravado.

But the mountain sloughed not so much as a pebble, then, or while Logan and Susan Bradshaw made the crossing.

"You bloody idiot!" Logan scolded him. "No mountain's worth a chance like that." But he couldn't hold back his grin. "Well, forget it. She's in the bag. From here on, it's a day for a lady."

And it was. The slab above them led into a pitch gentle enough to retain snow. The white slope rose, glittering in a curve pure as the line of a gull's wing.

"She's yours," Logan said. "Go up and take her, Joe."

Joe blundered past like a sleep-walker, dangling the St. Christopher's medal by its thong. The slope ran out in a wind-carved cornice. Nothing more then, empty air only, and five hundred tumultuous miles of Coast Range below. The big fellow was under his boots.

They came off the hanging glacier at sunset. The full moon rode high when they came within sight of Joe's cabin at the edge of its silvered meadow.

Susan and Dave walked close together. If a ghost had climbed with them, there on the mountain, they had left it at rest.

Bad-Eye Joe halted amid heather still warm from the sun. Across the ice, Mount St. Christopher lorded it in the eastern sky. He had stood on top, and lived to come down; he should be proud, but he felt sad in an odd, aching kind of way. This was his kingdom, but something was gone from it and would not return.

It occured to him that he'd had about enough of the Anzac. He might hunt up that Bella Coola woman, see if her ways had changed any. If not, well, there was other country he'd heard tell of, laying far back from Colchis Arm. Tough country. He doubted if anyone had ever tapped it.

A smile lightened Bad-Eye Joe's heavy face. In country like that, a man might find a mountain even bigger than the big fellow. THE END

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THE SAINT IN AMSTERDAM

Continued from page 12

that caught them to the Saint's face as if a switch had been flicked, but his manner remained painstakingly correct.

"Mr. Templar," he said, "I did not hear that you were a writer."

"It's a new racket," said the Saint easily.

The blond man handed the wallet back. "You would do well to search for your material somewhere else," he said. "There is nothing to interest you here."

"Now wait a minute," Simon argued. "I'm not making any trouble. I was told on the best authority that Mr. Jonkheer had received a diamond called the Angel's Eye to re-cut. I simply asked him about it. That isn't a crime."

"Mr. Jonkheer does not have any such diamond. Also, he does not wish to be bothered. It is better that you do not make any trouble." He held the door firmly open. "Good day, Mr. Templar."

A few moments later, without a harsh word having been spoken or an overt threat having been uttered, the Saint found himself indisputably out on the pavement, blinking at the noonday sunshine and listening to the rattle of chain and bolts being refastened on the inside of the old oak door.

SIMON smiled reminiscently. "It was a lovely job," he told the Upwaters. "I never even had a chance to start."

They sat around a lunch table in one of the crypt-like rooms of the Vijff Vliegensteeg, that quaintly labyrinthine restaurant on the Spui Straat.

"That policeman, too," said Mrs. Upwater indignantly. "Jonkheer really must have pulled the wool over their eyes."

"Or else they're all in the swindle with him," Mr. Upwater said bitterly.

"However it goes," said the Saint, "the place is pretty well guarded. And I haven't the faintest doubt that the Angel's Eye is there. They were so grimly determined to deny it."

"It's there, all right," Upwater said gloomily. "Did you see his safe?"

"Oh, yes. In his office on the ground floor at the back of the hall."

"I didn't see it. I was taken right into his workshop the first time, and the second time I didn't get any farther than the hall. If I'd seen the safe, I might have been able to get the policeman to make him open it."

Simon took a deep pull at his beer.

"How big is this diamond?" he asked.

"About a hundred carats," Upwater said. He put the tips of his thumb and forefinger together, forming a circle. "About so big. It would be easy to hide anywhere."

Simon forked together the last remnants of food on his plate. He knew that this was going to be an adventure to remember.

"I told you, I'm certain the Angel's Eye is at Jonkheer's," he said. "That's why the cop is staying on the premises. But I don't think it's hidden. I think they feel it's well enough guarded. And an old-fashioned conservative type like Jonkheer would have complete confidence in an old-fashioned safe like that, just because it weighs a few tons and he's had it ever since he went into business. He wouldn't believe that any up-to-date expert could go through it like a coffee-can."

The man and woman gazed at him uncertainly. "What good does that do us?" Mr. Upwater asked at length. "I'm no safe-cracker."

"But I am," said the Saint.

There was another long silence.

"You'd burgle it?" Mrs. Upwater said.

"I think you knew all along," said the Saint gently, "that I would."

Mrs. Upwater began to cry.

"You can't do that," Mr. Upwater protested. "That's robbery!"

"To take back your own property?"

"But if you got caught——"

"If I only take the Angel's Eye, which Jonkheer isn't supposed to have anyway, how is he going to protest?"

Mr. Upwater clutched his wife's hand, staring at the Saint with a pathetic sort of devotion. "I never thought I'd find myself siding with anyone about breaking the law," he said. "But you're right, Mr. Templar, it's the only way."

"Then that's settled," said the Saint cheerfully. "How about some dessert?"

Mr. Upwater shook his head. "I'm too nervous to eat," he said. "I'll be in a sweat until this is over. When will you do it?"

"On the stroke of midnight," said the Saint. "I'm superstitious about the witching hour—it's always been lucky for me. Besides, by that time our friend Jonkheer will be sound asleep, and even the police guard will be drowsy. I'm pretty sure Jonkheer lives over the shop and he's the type who would go to bed about ten."

"Isn't there anything I can do, Mr. Templar? I wouldn't be much of a hand at what you're planning, but——"

"Not a thing. Take Mrs. Upwater sightseeing. Have dinner. Go to your room, play cards, and send for a bottle of schnapps. When the waiter brings it, pretend I've gone to the bathroom. If anything goes wrong, you'll be my alibi—we were all playing cards. I'll see you soon after midnight, with your diamond." Simon looked at his watch. "Now, if you're through, I'll run along. I've got to shop for a few things I don't normally carry in my luggage."

HE spent an interesting afternoon in his own way, and got back to the hotel about six o'clock with no particular plans for the early part of the evening. But that state of tranquil vagueness lasted only until he turned away from the desk with his key. Then a hand smacked him violently between the shoulder-blades, and he turned again to meet the merry dark horn-spectacled eyes of a slight young man who looked more like a New Yorker than any New Yorker would have done.

"Simon, you old son-of-a-gun!" cried Pieter Liefman. "What shemozzle are you up to here?"

The scion of Amsterdam's most traditionalistic brewery had spent some years in the United States, and prided himself on his complete assimilation of the culture of the New World.

"Pete!" The Saint grinned. "You couldn't have shown up at a better moment."

"I just got back in town and got your message, and I came right over to try and track you down. What's boiling?"

"Let's get a drink somewhere and I'll tell you."

"My hot-shot's outside. We can drive out to Scherpenzeel, to the De Witte. You can give me the low-down on the way."

As Pieter Liefman needled his Jaguar through the sparse evening traffic with an ebullient disregard for all speed laws and principles of safety, Simon Templar began his tale at the beginning.

The return from Scherpenzeel, after a gargantuan repast devoured with respectful deliberation, was made at the same suicidal velocity, but so coolly timed that clocks were booming the hour that Simon had fixed in his mind as the Jaguar purred to a stop in the street where Hendrik Jonkheer plied his trade, but several doors away from the house itself. The short street was deserted except for one other car parked at the opposite end.

"I only hope you've figured this on the button," Pieter Liefman said.

"I am the world's greatest practical psychologist," said Simon. "Go ahead with your part of the act."

THE Saint slipped out of the car and strolled unhurriedly down the street to Jonkheer's door. The building was dark and wrapped in silence. He turned the door handle experimentally. The door started to yawn at his touch.

Simon stepped in, closing it swiftly and silently behind him. With a pencil flashlight smothered in his hand so that the bulb was almost covered by his fingers, he let a dim glow play momentarily over the inside of the frame. The door chain was dangling, the hasp at one end still attached to it with fragments of freshly torn wood adhering to the screws.

He turned the dim glow of the torch around the hall, and at the foot of the stairs he saw the burly blond guard, Zuilen, lying on the floor, his wrists and ankles expertly bound and tied together and his mouth covered with adhesive tape.

Simon went past him without pausing for any social exchanges, moving silently. The door of the back office was ajar, outlined with the faint luminosity of a well-shaded light within. Simon pushed it with his fingertips, and it swung wider without even an unco-operative creak.

Inside, he saw that the light came from a small professionally shrouded electric lantern on the floor beside the massive safe. The safe was open, and the means of its opening were evident in an assortment of shining tools spread on a velvet cloth in front of it.

Between Simon and the safe stood a man with a large handkerchief knotted loosely around his throat, obviously serving as an easily replaceable mask, who was in the act of stuffing a handful of small tissue-paper packages into his pocket.

"Good evening," said the Saint, because it seemed as tactful a way of drawing attention to himself as he could think of. He said it very quietly, too, in case his audience had a weak heart, but just the same the man spun around like a puppet jerked with a string.

The movement stopped there. The

OH, JOHNNY! by TIM

Saint was playing the beam of his torch pointedly on the gun in his right hand, to discourage any additional reaction. But there was enough general luminance, between that and the shielded lamp on the floor, for each of them to see the other's face.

Mr. Upwater stared at him pallidly, and licked his lips.

"You weren't supposed to be here for an hour," he said stupidly.

"That's what I told you," said the Saint calmly, "so that I'd know about what time you'd be here. Naturally you wanted to have comfortable time to do the job before I arrived, but you wouldn't want to be too long before, in case it was discovered too soon for me to walk in and take the rap.

"You did the groundwork very cleverly—getting me to come here this morning and case the joint for you, while at the same time establishing myself as a prime suspect. The only thing I was a little worried about was whether you meant to let me really do the job myself, and hijack the boodle afterwards. But I decided you wouldn't take that big a chance—you couldn't be quite sure that with so much loot in my pockets I mightn't yield to temptation and double-cross you. When you said yourself that every man has his price, you gave me a fix on your thinking."

Mr. Upwater's eyes were wild and haggard. "You've got it all wrong," he said feverishly. "I was afraid you were just kidding me—that you wouldn't really do it at all—so I made up my mind to do it myself."

"And not like any amateur, either," said the Saint approvingly. "Those tools of yours are first class. I suppose you wouldn't like to tell me how you got wind of the Angel's Eye being re-cut here? They were certainly doing their best to keep it quiet, to try and avoid having any trouble with people like us, as I could tell by the reception I got when I started to ask questions. It was nice work of yours to locate it; but you must have thought you were really in luck when you heard I was in town, all ready to be the scapegoat."

"So help me, Mr. Templar, I told you the truth——"

"Oh, no, you didn't. I knew you were lying from the moment you said you delivered the Angel's Eye the day before yesterday and the cutting was supposed to start yesterday. Anyone who knows anything about diamonds knows that a cutter would study an important stone like that for weeks, maybe even months, before he made the first cut."

UPWATER swallowed. "Can't we call it quits?" he said desperately. "There's plenty in this for both of us."

"Thank you," said the Saint, "but this time I'll be happy to collect a legitimate reward, with no headaches."

"Nobody'll believe you," Upwater said viciously. "I'll say you were in it with me, right up to now."

"I'm sorry," said the Saint, "but I've taken care to prove otherwise."

There was a sudden rush of feet, and the lights went on. Two uniformed men stood in the doorway, with Pieter Liefman crowding in past them. Pieter put an arm round the Saint's shoulders and spoke rapidly to the policemen in Dutch, and Upwater wilted as he realized that the trap was closed.

Some time later, as they all went out into the street, with Upwater handcuffed between the two officers, Simon looked for the car that had been parked on the far corner. It was no longer there.

Pieter intercepted the glance. "It took off when I came back with the flatfeet," he said.

Simon read the mute entreaty in Upwater's white face, and shrugged. "Okay," he said. "We won't say anything about Mabel. After all, she was the one who really brought me into this."

On second thoughts, after he saw Mr. Upwater's next expression, he wondered if that was quite the right thing to mention. THE END

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Thoughtless
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Shows He Loves Her
Feathered Friend
Dig Down Deeply And
Thawing Out
The Sleepytown Band
Simply Devastating
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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of these Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated January 30, and in JOHN BULL dated February 6), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, January 23, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,918 result.)

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1,918
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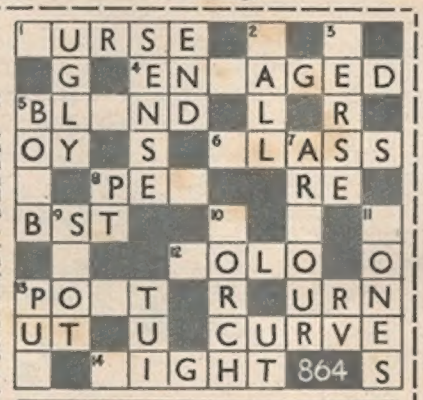

CLUES FOR XWORD 864

Across
1. When a man's ill, demands are usually made upon
4. Secretary may have to butt in on boss when he is
5. It is sometimes best for a parent to be diplomatic and this
6. Helps ballet beginner to understand and eliminate errors
8. Many a family gets attached to one
12. In this the player's skill often goes quite unappreciated
13. May perhaps leave one deeply upset
14. Can make pedestrians hard to see

Down
2. Bad one may put player off his game
3. A motto is often of this nature
5. It may not be as easy as you think to drop one
7. There are times when you may feel a need for this in the garden
9. Sometimes appears able to penetrate almost anywhere
10. One may throw light on old building
11. Neutral ones are naturally the safest
13. One without spirit is relatively at a disadvantage

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
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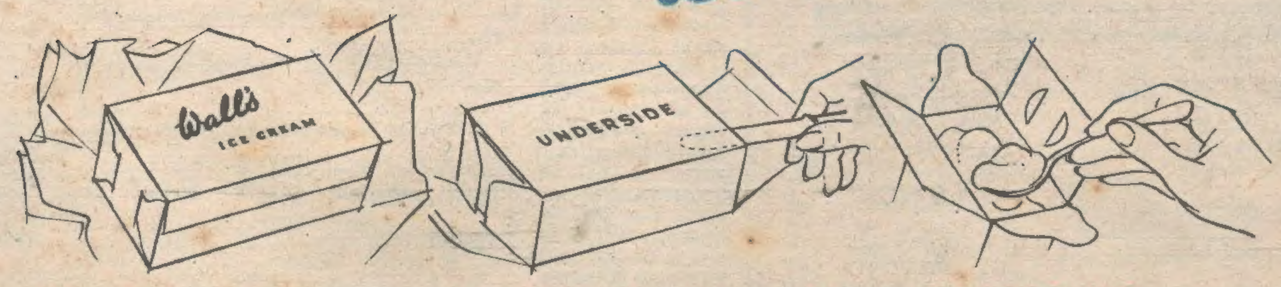
Just three draws to go and their dreams come true . . . Mum's mink coat, father's sports car, daughter's holiday in "Gay Paree" and young Johnnie's "supersonic" jet plane.

But listen! What's that? Hopes foundered? Oh, well. It's fun building castles even though they seem to topple over each Saturday! And talking of toppling—mind that Wall's, mother! Not in that cup of tea! Ah, that's better. Now let's all sit down and enjoy it. Such a happy idea having Wall's in the home. Always cheers you up —even when Lady Luck forsakes you.

Take home some Wall's ice cream



Wrap it in a newspaper —stays firm 2-3 hours

TO SLICE IT—open up flaps at ends, insert knife and cut along edge of carton

TO SPOON IT—open flaps—at one end only

Wall's is even CREAMIER now!

Yes, Wall's is even more delicious! You'll notice this when you taste your next creamy spoonful!

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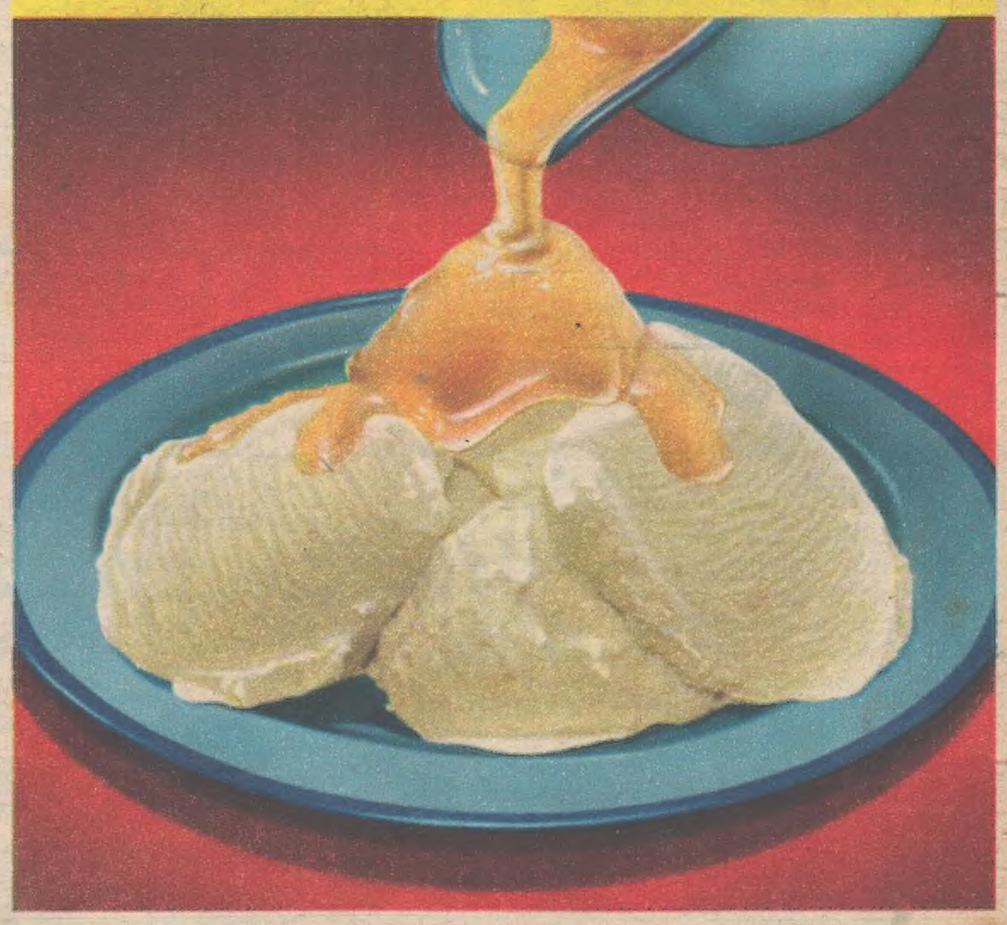

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